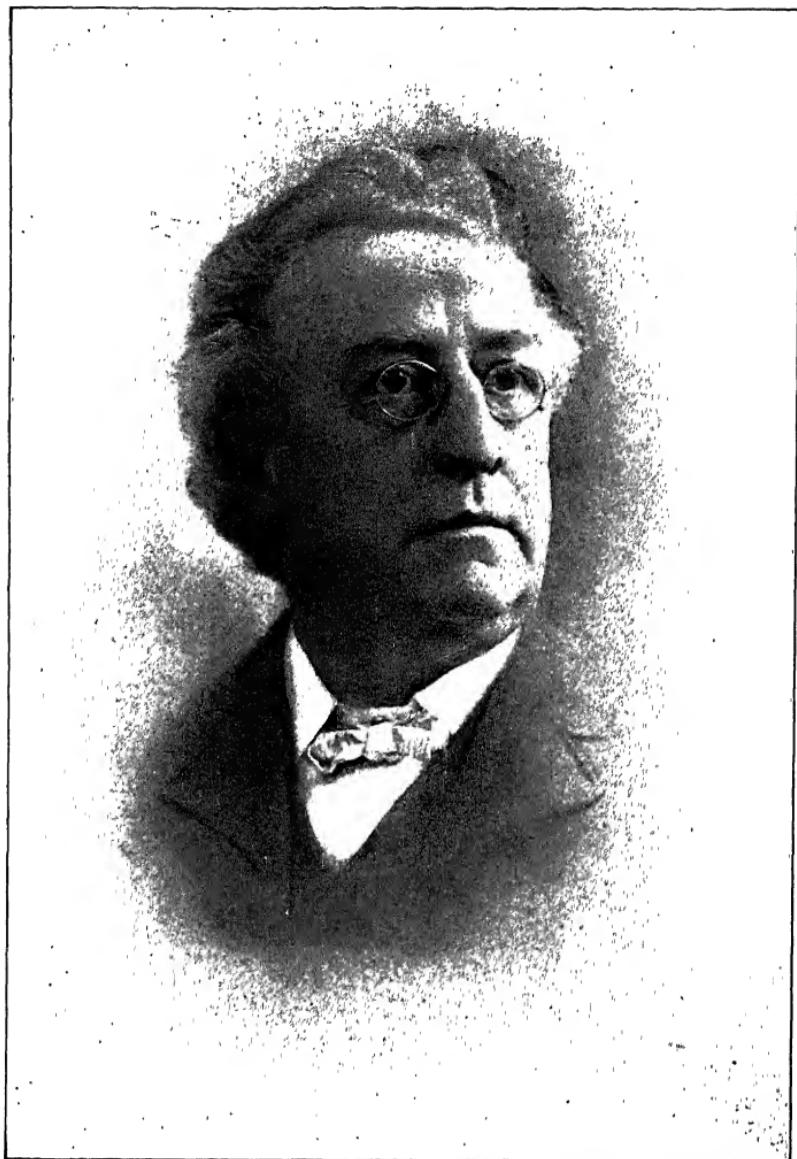


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Alexander Hudson

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS

OF AN

Old Political Reporter

By

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Brooklyn Daily Eagle

WITH INTRODUCTION BY

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
Introduction. By St. Clair McKelway, LL.D.	5
Author's Preface	14
Kate Chase as a Politician.....	17
Bribery at Albany in Tweed Days.....	24
"Boss" Tweed and Governor Hoffman.....	30
Tilden and the Young Reporter.....	36
Tilden's Wide Information	42
Tilden and the Canal Ring.....	48
William Dorsheimer's Great Triumph.....	53
The Penalty Paid for Success.....	60
A Sensational Episode.....	66
Proffered Sale of Louisiana	72
How Grant Was Won.....	78
The Contests of Tilden and John Kelly.....	85
Senator Conkling and Chester A. Arthur.....	93
Lucky Guessing	100
How Tilden Lost the Cincinnati Convention.....	106
End of the Bloody Shirt Issue.....	112
Making Senators at Albany.....	119
The Conkling-Arthur Quarrel	125
The Emergence of Grover Cleveland.....	131
How to Get Rid of Undesirables.....	137
Theodore Roosevelt in the Making.....	144
Setting Cleveland's Feet on the Presidential Path.....	150
Turning Close Corners	155
By What Small Chances.....	162
Manning's Masterly Management	168

CONTENTS

PAGE

"Public Office is a Public Trust".....	175
How Cleveland Dealt with a Blaine Scandal.....	184
A Mysterious Foreign Mission	192
Conkling's Hostility to Blaine.....	199
The Phrase that Cost Blaine the Presidency.....	205
Election Night Telegrams Caught on the Wing	213
Grover Cleveland's Resolve.....	221
The "Ifs" of the Cleveland Campaign.....	228
Cleveland's Resentment of Obligation.....	236
Guarding a President-Elect.....	245
The Rise of David B. Hill.....	252
How Hill Won McLaughlin.....	260
Hill's Use of Political Power.....	267

Introduction

By ST. CLAIR MCKELWAY, LL.D.

The writer of the articles within this volume first called them the "Random Recollections of an Old Political Reporter." He did so for the purpose of giving to himself freedom in his statements of experience and of the impressions which men and subjects covered by him might suggest. Who "An Old Political Reporter" was could not be successfully concealed. There were those who knew it from the first. Even were they desirous to maintain reserve about the identity of the man, that could not be done, for any other man, such as the late Edgar K. Apgar and the late Daniel S. Lamont, who might have shared in a degree the knowledge and the labor involved in these statements, had passed out of life before the statements appeared, while most of the men involved, such as Samuel J. Tilden, Grover Cleveland, David B. Hill, A. S. Hewitt and others, with Daniel Manning, had also joined the majority.

From a variety of causes and under a variety of pressures, the identity of William Cadwalader Hudson as the "Old Political Reporter" has been disclosed. His was not the case of military and political interviewers and correspondents in times before the period he covered. Of them, publication was

INTRODUCTION

the object. Of them, journalism was the medium of expression. Between them was simply the rivalry of full, complete and prompt publication, with a preference of each man to be first and most full in statement. The purpose of Mr. Hudson in acquiring the experience which his articles set forth was different from the purposes of the others. The purpose of Mr. Hudson was public service. His clients and confidants were public men whose public objects he wished to conserve and whose public action he wished to forward, to defend and to commend in a way best fitted to effect results, and defend them from criticism and to remove misunderstanding of them and of their purposes from the path they were treading. The trust reposed in Mr. Hudson's discretion had to be complete and was deserved. The task laid upon him to ascertain facts, explain purposes, allay misgivings and soften rivalries was not slight, but was successfully accomplished. The obligation to keep himself behind his work and to keep his work at the front of importance was manifest, and he lived up to it faithfully, patiently, successfully and honorably.

The results are seen in what follows. All of the public men dealt with by Mr. Hudson are revealed in just, true and considerate light. The suspicions and jealousies they may have felt toward one another on account of rival and contemporaneous ambitions had to be allowed to human nature as it is constituted, but, in allowing for that, Mr. Hudson has been charitable, equitable and even judicial. And the consequence is that every one

INTRODUCTION'

of the men affected by his pen is revealed in better light than sheer partisanship would have made possible or the desire to commend any one side of a many-sided case would have allowed. More than one man who wanted the Presidency is considered in these papers, though only one Democrat who obtained the Presidency can be considered in the role of success. Those who failed of nomination for the office are not few. Those who missed nomination, while still procuring it for the man who gained the Presidency, and whose services were not appraised by him according to their own estimate of them, likewise comprised a considerable number. The two Democrats who were nominated for the Presidency, but who were not elected to the office, naturally fall in the classifications of history and of importance below the one Democrat who was three times nominated and twice elected to the Chief Magistracy. The discrimination thus required will suggest itself to readers, and Mr. Hudson wisely allows them to form their own suggestions without himself rubbing in the facts or the reasons which account for their public rating.

That was and is the best course to pursue. Analysis is better than eulogy. Historical statement is preferable to labored vindication. The absence of malevolence and the avoidance of panegyric alike commend Mr. Hudson's accounts to the level judgment of level minds, while at the same time the abundance of facts, and of inside facts, which he presents will leave to every American of both parties the full liberty to prefer his favorites and to account for their success or for their disappointment, as he pleases. To the facts of his-

INTRODUCTION

tory Mr. Hudson brings a large contribution, but to the acrimony of defeat or to the boastfulness of success he adds nothing. Such was not only his purpose, but it was also in line with his sense of justice. It was likewise agreeable to the confidence reposed in him by his clients, so to speak, and to the unquestioning respect felt for him by his fellow laborers, most of whom, as already said, have passed beyond. There are few works or narratives or stories or collections of experience, or registration of reasons or of estimates of personages, which equal what one need not hesitate to call the conscientious equity of these "Random Recollections."

Mr. Hudson was well fitted for this difficult task. He had the training of a newspaper man in a testing school under the instruction of strong and subtle masters of journalism. From the position of a reporter on The Brooklyn Daily Eagle, he progressively rose to that of City Editor, of Albany Correspondent and of Editorial Reviewer of public men, as well as to that of the historian of state and national party conventions. The conventions of all parties were attended by him with the simple and single purpose of telling their story, of estimating their weight, of recording their hopes and of forecasting their ability or inability to realize those hopes. The public men, the leaders of all parties and of all factions, reserved from him nothing which they wished to be published, and, what is more, nothing which they wished only him to know for his own guidance. Mr. Hudson never lost the confidence of those whom he interviewed. His intelligence in stating what they wished published, and in reserving what they did not wish to be

INTRODUCTION

published, maintained for him constant access to them. He never scored a newspaper success by betraying or misrepresenting the man whom he interviewed. Deposits placed in his mind were as safe as those made in a bank, and more safe, because they were never, even indirectly, put into circulation. He has the confidence and regard of all the living whom he ever interviewed and of the families of all of those whom he interviewed, but who have passed into silence, since they and he conferred. No physician and no lawyer, the preservation of whose confidences with clients is prescribed and protected by law itself, was ever more scrupulous of the obligation of honor and of promise than this man has always been of trusts confided to him.

The confidences which death has released to the custody of history and to the disclosures of publication are manifold. In intimating them and in releasing such of them as lapse of time has justified, Mr. Hudson has been both discriminating and just. The entrance of his words gives light to many heretofore darkened recesses of politics, and explanation and estimate to many long overpraised or long underestimated public characters. The real men, the real Cleveland, the real Grant, the real Garfield, the real Gorman, the real Hill, the real William H. Barnum, the real Daniel Manning, the real Lamont, the real Hewitt, the real James G. Blaine, the real Roscoe Conkling, and the reality of many another national character will, in the best light, we think, be perceived in the pages which follow. And the real service which by fidelity, reticence, good faith and wise reserve, and equally wise revelation, which Mr. Hudson has modestly rendered, will, it can be

INTRODUCTION

asserted, be also appreciated by discriminating readers. Nor should any statesman nor should any politician of either party fail to note this. The time is propitious for them to note it. The one statesman who arrested Republican supremacy, by twice winning the Presidency, had to overcome reactionaries within his own party to win three times its national nomination. The amateurs of politics within that party who aligned around him overcame the professional politicians within it and were themselves shrewdly and even covertly marshaled by two or three very wise and subtle party leaders who secured for Mr. Cleveland the nominations which commanded the more or less earnest support of disappointed Democrats and the enthusiastic and necessary support of Reform Republicans. That Mr. Cleveland himself, in the second term of his Presidency, lost in the Senate the support of Democratic leaders, and that his party at ensuing national conventions surrendered to a spell of romance, of audacity and of political heresy which three times cost it overwhelming defeat are facts of history now.

That Republicanism has apparently come to the same parting of the ways which Democracy reached, when it was saddled with what it could neither carry nor throw off, is a present portent and a present suggestion of conflicting tendencies, replete with interest and pregnant with decisive but yet undisclosed significance. One of the best teachings of the chapters which follow should be revealed in the light which the apparent divisions between stationary and progressive Republicanism should receive, from the narration of the divisions between the same forces in recent Democracy. Not a few

INTRODUCTION

of the propositions of so-called Progressive Democracy, for which it was defeated in the past, have been made the headstone of the corner of aggressive Republicanism. Whether that party will successfully camp in the tents of its enemy or whether it will be defeated, as Democracy was, by the refusal of stalwart men to follow views of men of vision should be decided, next year. And whether Democracy itself can solidify its forces, on the call and demand of its Progressives, should also then be decided. To the decision of either proposition, this volume should be an aid and a help. It is equally valuable to the students of both the great parties and to the augmenting number of ultra-Radicals belonging to neither of the two great parties that have not yet decided which one of the two they will support or oppose.

Mr. Hudson has probably unconsciously done more than he set out to accomplish. His purpose was information and impartial estimate. One can well believe, however, that the discerning who study his pages, as well as read them, who ponder the lessons of those pages, as well as delight in the facts and forces they disclose, can easily be brought to see the critical and equal tests which Progressive Republicanism and Progressive Democracy will alike encounter, when in either organization the men of vision feel the impact of the men who do not dream dreams. At present the magnification of the State, as opposed to the magnification of the Nation, is the cry of the Democracy. The preservation of the State, but the quickening of the Nation to the tasks the State has neglected or cannot well discharge is the shibboleth of Republicanism. With-

INTRODUCTION

in Statehood, however, the Democracy is urged by its more advanced leaders to elevate the primary above the legislatures, which the primaries were meant to create and to instruct, and the New Nationalism, within state lines, and yet with state preservation, is preached by the aggressive and advancing Democracy just as earnestly as it is championed by Republican Insurgents for the Nation and against the State, within that organization. The common fact is that each party finds antagonisms within its own ranks.

The National Convention of each party will be the stamping ground of these antagonistic forces. The instinct of mechanical, if not of moral unity, will probably impel the National Convention of each party to compromise differences and to come before the people with the affectation, if not with the reality, of "harmony." Republicanism has been more successful in the affectation of harmony and in the attraction offered to Independents than Democracy has been in the past. But at the present time a Republican President more leans on a Democratic House than on a Senate nominally Republican, and courageously ignores all the consequences or liabilities to his political future or to his party supremacy, on behalf of the things which he is convinced should be brought to accomplishment. Mr. Hudson's examinations of past Democratic crises, Democratic victories and Democratic defeats should be invaluable to the statesmen of Republicanism and of Democracy who are now confronting equal and signal divisions within their own organizations. One cannot know that he had this in mind. One can know that those who read his pages and to whom the

INTRODUCTION

vibration of party pulses, in the present, as indicative of party fevers in the future, is interesting or intelligible, should be thoroughly aware of the perhaps unconscious and prophetic value of his disclosures and of the conclusions to be drawn, in the near-ing future, from the divisions of the recent past.

Author's Preface

When the contents of this volume were in contemplation it was determined to avoid the field of criticism and controversy. The purpose of the undertaking was simple. It was to recall people with whom, in his work as a political reporter for many years, the writer had come into close contact and events in which, in close relation to sources of direction and control, he had been an active participant. When "the end" was written it was not because the activities of the writer had ceased or because his recollections had failed, but because it appeared to him that a step forward would take him into a field he had determined to avoid since many of the men who, in the year 1886, entered into power are yet alive, potential forces, the influence and consequence of whose acts in that past time have followed into this, to affect questions even now at issue.

To write a complete record of events was not the intention, yet in reviewing his work, the Old Political Reporter flatters himself that he has made contributions to political history and has shed on certain acts of some great administrations of the past that clear light by which they may be understandingly read.

Five months passed in the writing of these recollections. In that time the writer lived over again the years reviewed. By his memory the stage of the time was repeopled with its actors. "There were giants in the earth in those days." The

struggles of those years were renewed. The joys of the conflicts were once more experienced. Again the flash of the keen blade was seen. Again he suffered the pangs of defeat and again his voice was lifted in the song of victory.

In those days, when men fought shoulder to shoulder and breast to breast, acquaintances were made which ripened into friendships, many of which became intimacies that neither the ambitions nor the aspirations of men could break. They ended only when death came to put seals upon careers. Those friendships were not all of them confined to the ranks in which one fought. Sometimes they were found in the opposing ranks. In "The Lady of Lyons" Damas says: "It is astonishing how much I like a man after I have fought with him."

About the writer, as he worked, there was an atmosphere of sadness, for the vast majority of the valiant men figuring in these stirring scenes have passed beyond the Great Divide, and among them are the ghosts of many vanished friendships. With new meaning those mournful lines of Moore have come to dwell in the mind of the Old Political Reporter:

When I remember all
The friends so linked together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one who treads alone,
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed.

WILLIAM C. HUDSON,
(Old Political Reporter).

Random Recollections of an Old Political Reporter

KATE CHASE AS A POLITICIAN



LOOKING back over the activities of forty-three years of newspaper life, it seems to me that what made a political reporter of me was an assignment as the tail-end of a corps of correspondents appointed to report the sessions of the National Democratic Convention, held in Tammany Hall, in 1868.

In the forty-three years that have elapsed since that convention finished its work by nominating Horatio Seymour, much history has been made. In the practice of my vocation I have come into close contact with the making of some of it, sometimes merely as an observer at close range, sometimes in participation as the instrument of strong men.

Many of the events, the recollections of which will be the burden of this series of articles, were of much greater influence and of farther reaching importance than those of the convention of 1868. But to-day, forty-three years after, the events of that convention, even the minor details, remain in the memory more vividly than those of after years. Perhaps it is all due to the fact that a fresh, impressionable youngster thereby obtained his first glimpse of

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

the great world of politics, with its conflicts of ambition, sordid intrigue and high endeavor. Whatever the reason, what that convention did was to turn the mind of the young man to politics and political studies, with the view of becoming a political writer.

The person in charge of the corps was Frank Malleson, an old reporter of large experience and considerable skill. He had two hatreds. One, the woman in politics—he was an old bachelor—the other “a cub reporter,” mainly because he felt he had the work to do over again when he was made responsible for “the cub.” Perhaps, then, it was grim sarcasm that led him to detail one hatred—the “cub,” to report the doings of the other hatred—“the woman in politics.” In this case the “woman in politics” was Miss Kate Chase, who was in active and visible charge of the headquarters set up for the promotion of the candidacy of her distinguished father, Salmon P. Chase, for the nomination for the presidency.

These headquarters were in the old Clarendon Hotel, on Fourth Avenue, at the corner of Seventeenth Street, two or three blocks from Tammany Hall. There, in supreme control, was Chase’s daughter, in the flush of beautiful womanhood, tall and elegant, with exquisite tact, with brains of almost masculine fiber, trained in the political arts by her father, who had long been a national figure, a great lawyer, a pronounced abolitionist, United States Senator from Ohio, Governor of the State, Lincoln’s Secretary of the Treasury, and in 1868, Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court.

The “cub reporter” may not have appreciated

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

the significance of Judge Chase's career or known its relation to the American politics of the day. He probably did not know that Chase, one of the founders of the Republican Party, had felt that he, and not Lincoln, should have received the nomination for President in that notable Chicago convention of 1860, and that his deep disappointment led him into intriguing against Lincoln, for the 1864 nomination, all of which had taken him out of his party. He did know that Chase had always been everything a Democrat was not. Doubtless he was bothered to reconcile what he knew of the distinguished man's career with the fact that he was before the Democratic convention, cap in hand, deferentially supplicating a nomination. But all of these perplexities disappeared the moment he entered the Chase headquarters. He met Miss Chase and forthwith fell under her sway, a willing captive. It was sufficient for him to know that this beautiful woman wanted her father to have the nomination. Ergo, it was necessary that the father of this beautiful woman should have the nomination.

Miss Chase was too much of a woman not to appreciate the adoration of the youngster and to profit by it. Many were the suggestions given which were acted upon by the cub. It is true many were destroyed by the stern blue pencil of the head of the corps, but some stole by even his vigilance—enough to pay the woman for the pains she had taken.

One day the cub heard a visitor ask Miss Chase what the chances of her success were, and heard her reply, which he at once put down:

“It is all a question,” she said, “whether the

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

Democratic party has the sense to seize its opportunities. I fear that when the South seceded the brains of the party went with it. Since then it has rarely missed an opportunity to blunder."

"At last you've brought me something worth while," said the head of the corps when the cub submitted his copy. The delight of the cub was heightened when he found that his contribution was represented in a line of the spread head—more delighted than was Miss Chase when she read it.

Some years after General Grant said: "The Democrats can always be relied on to blunder," and since then I have often wondered if the origin of the epigram so often quoted was not this remark of Miss Chase, caught by me when I was making my first venture in political reporting, and so widely copied by the press of the day.

If the Democratic opportunity was the nomination of Salmon P. Chase, as his daughter believed it to be, the convention did not seize it. It surely did blunder in the nomination of Horatio Seymour. Though he was then, and for many years after, the god of Democratic idolatry, his nomination at that particular time was exactly one that should not have been made. The wiser of the leaders knew this, and Mr. Seymour felt it was so himself. In those days it was easy to set any Democratic body on fire with the name of Seymour. This is what was done by one of the fighting McCooks of Ohio, outraged that a life-time enemy of the Ohio Democrats should be seriously considered as a candidate by Democrats. Against the advice of leaders, against the wish of Seymour himself, the conven-

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

tion was swept from its moorings and Seymour into the nomination, despite his refusals.

The cub saw a convention stampeded for the first time in his life. The scene is impressed on his memory as no other of his experiences. It all comes back as freshly as if it had occurred but yesterday. He sees that slim, aristocratic, gracious figure on the platform bending beneath the storm of enthusiasm. He sees the wild faces of a thousand men expressing the emotions their voices gave up in fierce shouts. His ears are again deafened with the cheers and he quivers and trembles as he did at that time. And he can see the tempest stilled long enough for Seymour to say, "Your candidate I cannot be," and perceive the storm rise again and to an intensity that finally swept Seymour himself from his judgment.

The stampede of the convention for Seymour ended the hopes of Kate Chase for her father. The cub went back to take his leave of her, troubled in his conscience, for he feared he had not been loyal to her and her ambitious desires in the cheers he had given to Seymour when, with the rest, he had been carried off on that high tide of enthusiasm. But she had departed and the headquarters were empty.

Years passed—eight of them. The "cub reporter" had become a full-fledged political reporter and called himself a "political writer." It was 1876. He was in Washington because Congress was striving to settle the disputed election of Tilden. The Republican leaders had a plan of a High Commission under which, if they could fool the Democrats, they could take the election from Tilden and

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

give it to Hayes. There was a snag in the way of the plan. The snag was Conkling of New York. He was reported as doubting the wisdom of the plan—indeed, it was whispered that he was convinced that Tilden was rightfully entitled to the presidential seat. It was even said that the vigorous senator had prepared a speech in opposition to the plan and in favor of seating Tilden.

The air of Washington was tremulous with excitement. The nerves of everybody were on an edge. One morning when this excitement was at its height the departure of a friend for New York took the “political writer” to the railroad station.

From one of the trains that had just arrived a stately lady swept into the waiting room. As she crossed the floor a scarf fell from her shoulders, unnoticed by her. The “political writer” picked it up and lowered his dignity sufficiently to run after the lady to restore it. He faced his political divinity of 1868! But now she was Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague, for she had been married to Senator Sprague of Rhode Island.

As she thanked him she recognized the one who had accosted her.

“Why,” she exclaimed, “it is my pink-cheeked reporter! But where are the pink cheeks? All gone in hard work, late hours and—dissipation? Ah, I know the habits of you boys.”

Then there were a few courteous questions and the lady turned to go. She paused for a moment, however, and asked if the reporter was in Washington because of the acute political situation. Being told that he was, she hesitated an instant and said: “If you will not tell who told you, I will give

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

you something of value." The writer swore allegiance by every bone in his body. She leaned forward and, in a whisper, said:

"Senator Conkling will support the Commission with a speech."

Then she went out. That afternoon the Brooklyn Eagle printed a "beat"—an exclusive story which made a sensation.

There is a story that has never anywhere been denied that the Republican leaders, fearing the effect of a speech in opposition by Senator Conkling, appealed to Mrs. Sprague to persuade him to swing to the support of their plan. As the story runs, the lady went to Baltimore to the house of a friend and sent for Conkling. Conkling supported the plan and Hayes was seated. Did the "political writer" meet the lady on her return to Washington? If so, he was on the edge of what in a short time became a nation-wide scandal.

BRIBERY AT ALBANY IN THE DAYS OF TWEED AND AFTER



T was currently reported in the purlieus of the old Capitol, the morning after the passage of the Tweed charter, in 1870, that \$40,000 apiece was given to five Republican senators to make up the votes necessary to a passage.

And there was a story current at the time, which passed from mouth to mouth, that the sum agreed upon originally to be paid to each was \$50,000. Indeed—so went the story—a fund of \$250,000 had been received at the Tweed headquarters in the Delevan House and was being parceled out in an inner room, into which a reporter of a New York paper pushed himself, into five equal lots for use the following morning when the vote was to be taken. Well informed as to the situation, he immediately grasped the meaning of the large sum divided into five parts, and demanded a share under the penalty of exposing the whole affair, with the names of the Republican senators.

Tweed, indignant as he was over being held up in this highly dishonorable manner, yielded, and the reporter went off with \$40,000 as his share. But the race is not always to the swift. The reporter, who was an incorrigible gambler, was, within twenty-four hours, inveigled into a game of poker in which sat Senator Harry Genet of Harlem, the great master of the game. When the reporter rose



ROSCOE CONKLING

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

after an all-night session the \$40,000 was in Genet's pockets.

The incident was regarded as a great joke by all save the five senators, who had to be content with considerably less money than they had been promised. The name of this reporter was Solteldo, and he afterward met with a violent death in Washington long after he left newspaper work, a departure which was accelerated by the telling of the story.

Years after this incident—after Tweed's downfall, while he was yet in prison—this writer called on him in pursuance of his newspaper work. The incident here related was mentioned and the fallen boss said with a sigh:

"If I could have bought newspaper men as easily as I did members of the Legislature, I wouldn't be in the fix I am in now. The most of those — cusses would refuse money when they didn't have enough to get 'em a decent meal!"

Those were licentious days in Albany, but no worse than before or since, except in degree, and in the reckless frankness with which the use of money was admitted and the quantity which was scattered about. It was a very saturnalia. Poor, indeed, in energy was the humblest hanger-on who did not count his gains at the end of a session by several hundred dollars.

Investigations were plenty, too. There was one following the passage of the charter. But all the senators and all the bribers and the bribed came before the committee and indignantly denied any knowledge of the wicked thing. There was no Moe in those days, that is to say, no third party to cor-

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

roborate. So it came to nothing. Yet it is a fact that each one of those suspected senators was left at home at the next election and only one of them ever appeared in the Senate or in any other public place again. After a few years this one was returned to the Senate and re-elected for several terms to his complete rehabilitation.

In the days that we now call reckless and licentious, conviction of the charge of bribery was well-nigh impossible because of the care taken in the passing of money. Until quite recently there was a well organized corps of lobbyists. In the Tweed days, and for many years after the death of Tweed, the head of that organized lobby was William Barber of Utica.

Whatever may be the opinion in which he was held in Albany, he was at home a substantial citizen, of large influence in the Republican party and of large wealth. His chief assistant was Edward R. Phelps of Westchester County. In the seventies, Barber made his headquarters in the Delevan House; Phelps in the old Congress Hall, on the hill, next door to the old Capitol. Barber was rarely seen about the Capitol. Phelps was sometimes observed in the lobbies, but the work of both was secret and conducted elsewhere than in the Capitol. All of the bribery was done through these men or their lieutenants.

When the Legislature assembled the first labor of these men was to make up a list of the members in each house who were amenable to the argument of cash. If that list consisted of sixty-five in one house and seventeen in the other, their work during the session was easy. But if it fell below that num-

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

ber, then their difficulties were increased, for the requisite number had to be obtained by some means.

These men were absolutely trusted, both by those interests that wanted something from the Legislature which could not be obtained on its merit, and by those who were bribed. In those days no money was paid over during the session, but the day after adjournment was "settling day." A careful account with each mercenary member was kept by Barber and rarely, if ever, was there a charge made that a member had gotten less than had been promised him. Thus it was that every member during a session, if an investigation was ordered, was in a position to swear that he had not received a cent for his vote.

These men were well known and there was no concealment as to their business. They kept open house in their rooms, with sideboards well stocked with cigars and drinkables. Members wandered in to partake of their hospitality without their status being thereby determined. Sometimes there were scandals, but no names could be mentioned with certainty. And there were investigations at times, but they all came to nothing. These lobbyists would go on the stand, and with a broad grin, while the spectators would roar with laughter as at a huge joke, swear that in all their lives they had neither solicited a member to vote for pay nor had ever paid a member for his vote.

In 1878 there was a senator from New York of the name of Forster who avowed that one of his reasons for seeking election as senator was to break up the lobby. He watched and waited until he thought he had sufficient evidence to begin an

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

investigation and then he got one ordered. To make assurance doubly sure, he sent a messenger to Barber promising him immunity from prosecution if he would be a witness for him and reveal the secret doings of the lobby. The day came for the first session, and Barber was on hand and was sworn. When the first question was asked him, he said:

“Before I answer that question I want to know something about this immunity. What is it, Mr. Chairman? Is it something you’re trying to bribe me with? Because if it is I can’t have anything to do with bribery. No, sir. That’s a crime. I won’t bribe or be bribed. And it’s no use of you’re trying, at the outset of this investigation, to bribe me.”

Then he insisted that his story of how the chairman of the committee had tried to bribe him with immunity should go on record. The impudent old man actually laughed the investigation out of existence.

These men were not unlike brokers in merchandise. They frequently honored drafts on themselves before the delivery of goods. A lieutenant of Phelps said to the writer, just after he had turned away from a senator, on the third day of a new session:

“Say, Mike comes high. He wants to borrow \$12,000.”

“Will he get it?” asked the writer.

“Of course he will. He is one of the gang and a reliable. Ed will have to give up.”

But the time came when some of the bolder and more grasping of the members sought to elimi-

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

nate the middle man—the lobbyist—and to do business directly with those who furnished the bribing funds. There were no checks in the old lobby days, and no correspondence to be raked up from the files of corporations. Bills and word of mouth were the rule.

A few years ago the writer fell into conversation in Albany with a man who had been a lobbyist under Phelps, and later, after the death of Barber and Phelps, the most conspicuous in the business. A measure, concerning which there was the suspicion that money was being used to defeat it, was mentioned.

“Are you touching it?” asked the writer.

“Touching it?” he repeated. “Not with a ten-foot pole. These fellows inside the Legislature have got so hot for the money, and go after it themselves so hard, that they are dangerous. I don’t want to take any chances on jail.”

“BOSS” TWEED AND GOVERNOR HOFFMAN



N 1870 “Bill” Tweed had arrived. He was a state senator and could exert an influence on all legislation touching New York City. He was also deputy commissioner of public works in New York. A figurehead named Van Wart was commissioner, but Tweed himself was in supreme control. He was the head of Tammany Hall, counseled and often influenced by Peter “Brains” Sweeny, city chamberlain, and by R. B. Connolly, the controller. These three men were the real Tweed or Tammany ring. Common talk included a great many more names, but as a matter of fact they were subordinates only, all real power residing in Tweed, Sweeny and Connolly. A. Oakey Hall was in the mayor’s office by Tweed’s selection, and John T. Hoffman, who had been mayor, was in the governor’s chair in Albany through Tweed’s influence. Having reached supreme control in New York City, Tweed was by this time reaching out for supreme control in the state.

It may seem like reversing political history to say that Governor Hoffman was never a creature that Tweed could bend to his will. Hoffman was ruined politically in the fall of Tweed’s Tammany, not because of personal misconduct, but because he owed his preferment to the offices of recorder, mayor and governor to the influence of an evil and dis-

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

graced machine. During all the investigation conducted under the lead of Tilden not a single act detrimental to the character of Hoffman as a man or an official was put on the record. There may have been what were called sins of omission, but it was only after the destruction of Tweed that they loomed up as omissions.

The rascalities of Tweed were committed under what is known to history as the Tweed charter. It is true that Hoffman signed that charter, making it a law. But Charles O'Conor, who was the strong legal hand of Tilden in the Tweed prosecutions, once said that the Tweed charter was an almost perfect instrument—that as a document, under which to administer the affairs of a municipality, it seemed to be without a flaw, having a most complete system of checks on disbursements. It had failed, he said, because its drafters had not conceived that it was possible for a band of thieves to seize the city, and with great intelligence place at each checking point one of the members of their own clique.

Roscoe Conkling, in conversation with the writer, on a day toward the close of Tilden's term as governor, said:

"Governor Hoffman was one of the most statesmanlike executives of New York—if, indeed, he is not to be placed alone in the superlative degree."

What the great New York senator meant is to be discovered only in a study of the state papers of Hoffman as governor, and then it will be found that nearly every reform or progressive movement which has marked the course of the years succeeding 1872 was urged by Hoffman in those papers.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

As a questioning reporter, the writer had been received by Governor Hoffman, in the executive office of the old Capitol, with that dignified courtesy that marked the Governor's intercourse with any one, high or low. The question had been asked, and the answer given. The reporter rose, and was making his acknowledgments, when the green baize doors that separated the executive chamber from the outer office were swung violently open and "Boss" Tweed, with red face, flashing eyes and threatening manner, burst into the room.

The Governor advanced to meet him, with a heavy frown on his face.

"I hear that you're goin' to veto such and such a bill, Governor Hoffman?" shouted Tweed.

"Such is my intention, Senator Tweed," replied the Governor, very white of face.

"Do you know I'm behind that bill?" raising his voice threateningly.

"I have been so informed," was the answer.

"See here, you expect to have a second term, don't you?" cried the enraged boss.

"Senator Tweed, I propose to be governor of the State of New York one term, and to accept no dictation during it," replied the Governor, looking straight into the eyes of the frantic boss and standing up very straight.

Tweed ripped out an oath as he wheeled round and flung himself out of the room.

If Tweed had been wholly free to choose, it is to be very much doubted whether he would ever have chosen Hoffman for any one of the offices Hoffman held. Rather, he would have preferred a man more placable and more submissive to control.

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

It was P. B. Sweeny who put Hoffman forward and stood firmly at his back. He had Hoffman in training for the Democratic nomination for President, and hoped to realize his own ambition, under him, as secretary of state.

Sweeny was a man of education, widely read and of real ability. His ambition was vast, and he knew and could appreciate what Tweed could not, and that was the value of respectability. He saw in Hoffman a man of ability and of character, and so, while he and his associates were piling up money by devious ways, he expected Hoffman to give the cloak of character and respectability to their association. Thus it was that Sweeny protected Hoffman from the results of the wrongdoing of the gang, and so managed that Hoffman should appear responsible for only that which told well for Tammany.

All this was a cut above the comprehension of Tweed. He was not fine enough, nor did he have brains enough, to penetrate Sweeny's plans. But he was under the domination of Sweeny's intellect, and when he found that while Sweeny, with ability to exercise the power, was satisfied to rest with its actual possession, and did not care for its display, he was in turn satisfied to be guided by the brains of the unholy combination.

Tweed was a coarse creature with a small equipment of brains, but he had understanding, cunning and force. He had no moral consciousness and at times was an astonishingly frank rascal. This was shown one day in Albany, when, standing in a group on the floor of the Delevan and seeing a Western senator slink by, he said:

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

"That's the worst legislative thief I ever knew. He won't stay bought. No matter how small the thing is I want him to do, I've got to buy him all over again."

But Tweed had elements of popularity. He had a sense of humor, loved the pleasures of the table and the bottle, and was liberal, not only with other people's money, but with his own.

One day in 1871 a reporter walked into the Delevan House, carrying a hand satchel. Tweed was standing alone at the cigar stand.

"Where are you going?" asked Tweed.

"To New York," was the reply.

"When are you coming back?"

"On the 10:30 to-morrow morning."

"Hum! Yes!" muttered Tweed as he thought awhile. Then he said: "A man will meet you in the station. He will ask you if you know me. You say yes, and that you are to take a small package of papers to me. Then he'll give you the package. Bring it to me."

The reporter was glad to oblige so powerful a person as Senator Tweed, who had not then been exposed. But he promptly forgot all about the commission until he was about to take the train back to Albany, when the person mentioned by Tweed appeared. The package was transferred and tossed carelessly into his satchel. Arriving at Albany, he went to Room 57, Tweed's parlor, and found him in a group, which he immediately left, motioning the reporter to follow him into an inner room.

There the package was delivered. Tweed tore off the wrapper and, to the reporter's astonishment, discovered a package of bank bills.

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

"You ought not to have let me do that, senator," said the reporter.

"What?"

"Carry that money without knowing what it was. I would have been more careful of it."

"So careful, perhaps, that you would have skipped with it. It was safer to let you think it was papers."

Offended, the reporter turned to leave.

"Hold on!" said the "boss."

He drew out a bill of generous denomination and handed it to the reporter.

"What is that for?" asked the young man.

"For carrying \$40,000 you didn't know about. You did me a favor and there's your pay."

Some days later, when a legislative bill that had been desperately opposed went through with Republican votes to spare, the young reporter had certain suspicions as to the use to which that package was put.

But that was Tweed—coarse, suspicious and generous.

TILDEN AND THE YOUNG REPORTER



N 1870 Tweed was in the full flush of his power. Governor Hoffman was elected to a second term that year, and A. Oakey Hall was mayor of New York, in training for the office of governor in 1872, when Hoffman was to be nominated for President by the Democrats. A great scheme of public improvements was under way. The doings of the Ring filled the newspapers, and not with condemnatory comments, either. "Jim" Fisk was a figure in the life of the city, in control, with Jay Gould, of the Erie Railroad, in close alliance with the Tweed Ring and, as a side line, managing opera bouffe at the Grand Opera House.

The satellites of the Ring were flush with money and spent it lavishly in all the public places. Wine flowed as freely as Croton—in the morning as well as at night. In those days there was a chop house in John street to which almost daily Tweed, with a few cronies, one of whom was a stationer in that street, went for his lunch. It was kept by an odd Englishman, named Farish. His steaks and chops were celebrated with the initiated. Before a dish was served it was brought to Farish, who looked it over, and if it was not cooked as he thought it should be, it was sent back, no matter how much it might be wanted by the customer or in how much of a hurry he might be. Farish was firm in the belief that only English ale should be drunk with

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

a midday meal, and felt undisguised contempt for any one who drank wine at that time.

Tweed affected a small room over the public place, which was reached by a steep staircase. One day the writer was paying for a modest lunch when the waiter passed with two bottles of wine on a tray and a lot of glasses.

"Humph!" grunted Farish, deep disgust on his face. "That's Tweed. Drinks wine at 1 o'clock in the afternoon. He'll come to a bad end. Never knew a man who drank champagne in the daytime who didn't."

The bad end came into sight the following year, 1871. Matthew O'Rourke, a clerk in the controller's office, took to copying entries in the books that disclosed the methods by which the Ring was looting the city treasury. He showed the copies to "Jimmy" O'Brien, ex-sheriff, who paid him well for them and turned them over to the New York Times, which paper made the exposures. Nast followed with a series of caricatures in "that paper made famous by the pencil of Nast," as Roscoe Conkling put it when excoriating George William Curtis, the editor of Harper's Weekly.

At first Tweed was arrogant and defiant. So sure was he of the strength of his position that to the public he flung out the sneer, "What are you going to do about it?" But the Committee of One Hundred came into existence, and, backed by it, Samuel J. Tilden began the investigation and the legal proceedings that landed Tweed in jail and sent hosts of lesser scoundrels scurrying to foreign countries.

Those were great days for newspaper men.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

There was hardly a day in which there was not a new sensation or when a reputation was not ruined by a new revelation. Tweed, as before, occupied the first page, but now the comments were those of condemnation. Before he had been "the great statesman"; now he was "the great thief."

The exposure of Tweed was conducted by Democrats, and Samuel J. Tilden, who won great fame as a reformer from the better element, was charged by the party leaders with having ruined the party. But that Tilden had torn down only to build up again was clear in a year or two. Under the exposure of all the rottenness the Democratic party lost power in the state. In 1872 General John A. Dix was elected governor by the Republicans. But, after all, Tilden was the hero of the day.

Looking back on those times, nearly forty years ago, it seems to the old political reporter that though "the whisky frauds," the "Star route postal frauds" and the Mulligan letters, the Broadway railroad scandal and the life insurance investigations have come and gone, with all of which he was in close or remote contact, the Tweed affair, in dramatic interest and widespread influence, exceeds them all.

In 1874 Tilden's work was done. Tweed had been convicted, but under a technicality the sentence of fine and imprisonment had been reversed. However, he was yet in Ludlow street jail in civil proceedings to recover from him some six millions of dollars, alleged to have been abstracted by him from the city funds. The Ring was dissipated, yet Tweed, though in jail, was not without considerable influence. In that year he was credited with bringing about the nomination and election of "Tim" Camp-

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

bell, who in later years won a wide fame by asking Governor Cleveland, who had objected to a bill which Campbell had as senator been influential in passing, on the ground that it was in conflict with the Constitution, "Oh, Governor, what's the Constitution between friends?"

In that year Tilden became a candidate for the nomination for governor. The party organization was pretty well disorganized. In alliance with the Canal Ring, which was potent in the interior of the state, Tweed had been able to control the machinery of the Democratic party. Attempts were being made to reorganize Tammany Hall, with the old discredited gang left out. The power of the Canal Ring was unbroken, and though it missed its old ally, Tammany, yet it was bitterly opposed to the Tilden candidacy. Tweed had friends in the convention who made common cause with the Canal Ring. It was feared by some of Tilden's friends that they would be strong enough to defeat his aspirations. The argument on the other side was that Tilden was the only Democrat whom the party in its disorganized condition could hope to elect.

While this campaign was being waged in Syracuse, the seat of the convention, Tilden came to town and took quarters at the old Vanderbilt House. To this room went the writer, so soon as he heard of the arrival, for a talk with the great reformer.

When he entered the room, or, to speak by the card, the parlor of the suite, he found a stranger sitting in the middle of the room busily engaged in putting studs into a clean shirt. Since he was fully dressed in street costume, it did not appear that the shirt was for him.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

A second glance assured the reporter that the stranger was a banker of Syracuse, who was well known as an adherent of Tilden, one of that band a member of which was to be found in each county of the state, which was the nucleus of that powerful organization Tilden subsequently builded for his own advancement, and which later was styled by his enemies "Tilden's nincompoops."

Tilden was not in sight, the presumption being that he was removing the stains of travel in an inner room. So the reporter fell into a talk with the banker. Of course the talk turned on the chances of Tilden. The reporter brought up the fact that Tweed was not without influence in the convention to meet the following day, and that it was currently reported that it would be exercised against the man who had been so active in putting him behind prison doors.

"It will not be exercised against Mr. Tilden," said the banker positively. "Tweed is a man of large experience in politics and a shrewd man. He has been convicted, hasn't he? His only hope now is a pardon. For that he must look to the next governor. And he knows that the only man in the governor's chair who would dare to pardon him would be Mr. Tilden. He could do so because of his great services in convicting him."

Somewhat startled by this view of the situation, the reporter looked up to see Mr. Tilden standing at the door leading to the inner room, in his stocking feet, clad in a pair of trousers and a thin knit undershirt, with his hair combed down over his forehead, far from being the distinguished figure his great reputation would lead a stranger to believe

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

him to be. He was nodding vigorously in confirmation of his friend's words.

A great light was shed in the reporter's brain. Out he rushed to put this great important fact on the telegraph wire to his paper. And very well satisfied was he that night when he saw that he had the point and no other paper had.

But the next day there appeared in his paper, and indeed in all the others, an explicit denial from Mr. Tilden, over his own signature, that he had said anything of the kind to the reporter.

Back to the charge went the reporter. He said that he never had said that Mr. Tilden had said so. He told the story again and with great particularity, attributing the words to the banker and stating that Mr. Tilden's part was confined to nodding in confirmation of the banker's words.

The next day the banker denied the whole incident, and Mr. Tilden said publicly that he had no recollection of such an incident or even of one like it.

Perhaps all this was necessary. At all events the reporter was discredited and admonished by his superior to be more careful in his statements as to distinguished men and to continue to be diligent in picking up stories just as good as the one for which he was censured.

Anyhow, Tilden was nominated with practically no opposition, was elected by a large majority, and served out his term without pardoning Tweed or, so far as the reporter knows, without being called on to do so.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

TILDEN'S WIDE POLITICAL INFORMATION



N the days of his activity, no man in the United States was so well informed as to political occurrences as was Samuel J. Tilden. In these days it is not uncommon to see references that indicate the belief that he came into political activity and power through his efforts in exposing and convicting Tweed, much as Charles E. Hughes emerged into political prominence through his efforts in the life insurance investigation. Mr. Tilden had been a power in Democratic politics for years before the Tweed affair.

He was in a measure a youthful protege of Martin Van Buren, and his activities went back to the days of Silas Wright. It was his prominence in the party which gave such significance to his efforts and to the leading part he bore in bringing about the downfall of Tweed, who, at the time the work was begun, was regarded as the most powerful man in Democracy, with alliances stretching into the Republican party to secure him against attack.

With Tilden it was a case of knowledge being power. Little that was political occurred in any part of the United States of which he did not have the earliest and fullest information. He seemed to have agents everywhere who were faithful and efficient.

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

A rather amusing incident illustrates this widespread knowledge. In 1872 differences within the Republican party led to a sloughing off which took the form of the Liberal Republican movement that went into alliance with the Democrats in many states of the Union. The Democrats and Liberal Republicans combined to nominate Horace Greeley for the presidency. In the State of New York Francis Kernan (Dem.) for governor and Chauncey M. Depew (Lib. Rep.) for lieutenant governor were on the same ticket.

In the summer of that year it seemed to be a most formidable alliance. Although Grant was the Republican candidate, there were many prominent Republicans on the fence. In August it looked much like the disruption of the old party, and not a few of the strongest got down on the fusion side. Still, there were many all over the country who were awaiting developments, eagerly straining their eyes to discover which way the cat was going to jump. Those who had gone over to fusion were most active in proselytizing along the fence line.

September came. North Carolina held a state election in that month. During the reconstruction times that state had been voting strongly with the Republicans, but in the new movement it was thought that the majority had thrown in its fortunes with the alliance. It was regarded as an indicative state. The shrewdest of the politicians on both sides felt that as North Carolina went in the state election so would the country go in the following November.

In Saratoga, in early September, were a number of statesmen and politicians most anxious as the

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

day of the North Carolina state election approached. Present was Isaac V. Baker of this state, from Washington County, who had early gone into the Liberal Republican movement. He was giving a series of dinners at the Springs to Republicans, and it came to be understood that those who accepted an invitation left the dinner table pledged to the new movement.

Among those also at the Springs was James W. Husted, from Westchester, so many times Speaker of the Assembly. Husted, though an intimate friend of both Baker and Depew, was on the fence, inclined to accept an invitation to a Baker dinner, but doubtful as to the result. The day of election came. The issue was in doubt. So close, indeed, were the figures obtainable that it was seen that everything depended on the vote in the back counties. That meant that several days must elapse before the figures could be known. The suspense was great, but the belief was almost universal that the back counties would give a strong Democratic vote, which would mean the triumph of the alliance and the defeat of the Republicans. As the days passed, this idea grew in strength. Husted finally made up his mind to accept a Baker invitation.

On the night of the dinner the writer was talking with Mr. Tilden in the office of the Grand Union Hotel, seeking information as to North Carolina, of course, and not with much success.

Suddenly, as we talked, appeared the trim, elegant figure of "Jimmy" Husted, in a dress suit. He saluted Mr. Tilden as he passed.

The old man stopped him.

"Going to Baker's dinner?" asked Tilden.



SAMUEL J. TILDEN

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

"Yes, I thought it about time," replied Husted. He laughed as he added: "Of course, it is useless to conceal the political significance of the acceptance from you."

"Hem! Yes!" mumbled Mr. Tilden.

"We'll be marching in the same procession, won't we, Mr. Tilden?" asked "Jimmie."

"Yes," replied Tilden, "if you go to the dinner."

He hesitated a moment and then, taking Husted by the lapel of his dress coat, he whispered with emphasis sufficient to let the reporter hear:

"The Republicans have carried North Carolina."

"Jimmie" was shocked. Gathering himself, he hurried back to his room, to reappear, not in a dress suit, but to seek a conspicuous place on the verandas where he could loudly set forth his devotion to Grant and the Republican ticket.

"That is something for you," said Tilden to the reporter. "I don't think they have got the news in the city yet."

It was not until thirty-six hours after that the fact reached the public through the ordinary channels. The old man was strong in his news. The Republicans had carried the state by a majority of 11,177. In November Grant carried it by 24,691.

Mr. Tilden was a wonderful organizer. All the tricks of organization and of the management of the campaigns of the two great parties of the state of to-day are mere extensions or developments of the system he installed, when chairman of the Democratic State Committee. While it was a fact that the convention of which the state committee was a subsidiary body, taking its life from the convention, is based on the Assembly districts, the com-

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

mittee's work is based on the county organizations, to which are subject those of the towns. The state committee, therefore, deals with the county chairmen, and through them reaches into each town in the state.

It was Mr. Tilden who invented the exhaustive canvass of each town as a basis for campaign work. It was also Tilden who invented the campaign literature educational system, using the canvass before election as a guide to distribution and to reach the individual he desired to affect.

But, apart from this, Mr. Tilden had a personal organization. In each school district he had a representative, if not more than one, on whose friendliness and devotion he could rely. He once showed the writer a book containing the names of 50,000 Democrats with whom he could directly communicate. His enemies insisted that not all of these were friends, but were obediently on the list, because he held over them the rod of discovered wrongdoing.

When Mr. Tilden ran for governor in 1874, the problem for the Democrats was how to reverse a majority against them of 50,000. By that majority John A. Dix had been elected in 1872. The first canvass made during the 1874 campaign discovered a considerable change of sentiment, but it was not sufficient to guarantee a majority for Tilden.

The candidate himself dealt with the situation. Orders went out to each school district to make special and energetic efforts to secure two Republican votes for Tilden in each school district. Thus scattered, the effort did not appear to be a difficult one. Nor was it. Indeed, it was most successful. It

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

was accomplished without noise or publicity. By the device the 50,000 majority for Dix in 1872 was changed to 50,000 majority for Tilden in 1874. It was not until after the election, when the political mathematicians got to work with the election figures in detail before them, that they awoke to the trick by discovering a systematic shift of two votes in each school district, making a change of four in the aggregates of the pluralities.

In subsequent years the method was tried many times, notably by Odell, and with the greatest success. But it was invented in 1874 by Tilden. General Dix, who was the Republican candidate, was very bitter over his defeat, and, when he asserted that he had been beaten by "miserable trickery," this is what he meant. At all events, it broke up what had been a lifelong friendship between the two men.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

TILDEN AND THE CANAL RING



THE assertion has been made that the Canal Ring opposed the nomination of Samuel J. Tilden for governor in 1874. The Canal Ring exerted a widely extended influence in canal affairs with one powerful representative in the Senate—Jarvis Lord, from Rochester.

In those days the Erie Canal was an important factor in the economics of the state. It was yet a regulator of transportation rates, and all the railroads were compelled to make their rates, even from Chicago, comport with the cost of transporting freight by lake route to Buffalo and from that city to Albany by canal and from the latter city by river.

The Vanderbilt consolidation had been made. The New York Central and the Hudson River Railroad had been combined as a single route under a new company, the dominating power of which was the founder of the Vanderbilt dynasty, old Commodore Vanderbilt, a rough, illiterate, coarse old fellow, who looked like a Methodist clergyman, but talked very unlike one. But, forceful as he was, he could not overcome the influence of the lake, canal and river competition on slow freight. The ring was watchful in the Legislature to prevent interference with the canal.

The Canal Ring was a power, for it controlled the Democratic party machinery in all the counties bordering the Erie Canal from Albany to Buffalo, and on the Champlain from Albany to Whitehall,

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

with a leg out south to Elmira, on the Chemung Canal, long since abandoned. It was a ring made up of contractors for work on the canals and politicians that thrived by its favor and because of obedience to it. It compelled the nomination of its favorites as canal commissioners and dictated the appointment of officials.

It had been somewhat frightened by the downfall of the seemingly impregnable Tammany ring. A sort of instinct possessed it that Tilden's election would bode it no good. Its members, therefore, presented the name of Sanford E. Church, then chief judge of the Court of Appeals, as a candidate for governor.

Kings County was inclined to support Church, who had been flirting with the situation, but it wanted a definite assertion from Church that he was a candidate in earnest. It was quite evident that with the support of the Canal Ring influence, with so much as was left of the Tweed influence, and with the help of Kings County, Church could be nominated. The situation was that Tilden, who had not the promise of a sufficient support to assure him a majority, was a declared candidate, and Church, who could easily obtain a majority, would not declare himself. Tilden evidently relied on the logic of the situation to give him the nomination. In such great favor was he with the independent element of the state, because of his services in breaking the Tweed Ring, that there was promise of his election if nominated. There was no promise for one who triumphed over him for the nomination, since such a one would, in the very fact of his nomination, be placed in the position of opposing reform.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

Church was not only a very able man, but a shrewd politician. Thinking men like Horatio Seymour, for instance, believed that it was the fear that he would be hailed as a Canal Ring candidate that prevented him from declaring his candidacy. Others believed that, as Church was not a rich man, but dependent on his salary, he was restrained from declaring himself in consideration of the financial straits he would be placed in were he defeated at the polls.

Some years later Judge Church declared to this writer that the latter consideration did not sway him. He said that a number of wealthy Democrats in the state, among them some from Kings County, had offered that if he would take the nomination they would present him with a large sum of money, sufficient to render him independent for life. He declared that it was this offer that determined him to refuse to stand for the nomination. While it was true that these men declared that no obligation would follow this gift and no requirement would be made of him that would bind him to any act, he knew that its acceptance would, in the event of election, have a restraining influence on him and on his liberty of action. In the offer he saw also a willingness on the part of these Democrats to sacrifice the Democratic party to avert the possibility of Tilden's nomination and election. In defense of his own manhood he was compelled not only to refuse to accept the gift, but to decline to have anything to do with the nomination for governor.

"Of course," he said, in conclusion, "I saw that the nominee of the state convention for governor, if elected, would, in the logic of the events, be the

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

nominee for President of the Democratic National Convention two years later, but that chance had to go down with the rest because of the tender of that gift."

Thus it was that when the convention met, the opposition, which comprised the majority of the delegates, found but one declared candidate—Samuel J. Tilden. Unable to combine on any one else but Church, a reluctant convention nominated the breaker of the Tweed Ring.

The instincts of the Canal Ring were justified. Tilden had not been in office as governor thirty days before he began an investigation of canal affairs and of the administration of the state's prisons, which were also under the influence of a smaller but active ring.

The outcome was a revolution. The whole of the canal and prison administration was changed, the former being placed under a superintendent of public works and the latter under a superintendent of prisons, both offices being made constitutional and both surviving to-day as Tilden's creation.

It is one of the curious anomalies that after the break-up of the Canal Ring, which in its own sordid interest had watched so carefully for attacks on the integrity of the canal system, the canal gradually lost its prestige as a rate regulator, and that the \$100,000,000 Barge Canal is an effort to restore it to its old position.

Tilden, while reforming political conditions, was playing his own hand as well. After the investigation it was known that he was preparing a report. Time passed. One day when the writer was discussing the delay of this report with Hiram Calkins,

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

a veteran newspaper political writer, the latter proposed that together we should call on the Governor to find out something about it.

This we did. We were taken to him in his small private office in the old Capitol.

"We have called on you, Governor," said Calkins, "in the hope that we can learn something about the canal report."

"It is finished," replied Governor Tilden, "but I am not yet ready to make it public."

"When will you make it public, Governor?" asked Calkins.

"In a day or two," was the answer.

Governor Tilden placed his hand on a large bundle of manuscript with some force and said:

"It is here." He added: "Hiram, this report will make me President of the United States."

Then he dismissed us. As we went out, Calkins said to me:

"'Sammy' is on top sure enough. I told that up-state crowd that if they ever let him into the governor's office he would be on top. And 'Sammy' is there now."

Calkins was a man of wide political experience. A Democrat, he had been clerk of the Assembly, clerk of the Senate, clerk of a constitutional convention, largely by the grace of those up-state folks he had warned. He was an honest, straightforward man, who died by no means wealthy, a port warden, appointed in the first instance by Governor Cornell and continued in office by Governor Cleveland.

WILLIAM DORSHEIMER'S GREAT
TRIUMPH



HE report of Tilden on the Canal Ring not only broke up the ring in short order, but largely increased his own fame as a reformer, spreading it to the uttermost parts of the nation.

Since that time much fun has been made of reform in matters political. So many jokes have been cracked about it that to-day many use the term reform only in derision; but, in the days of which I am speaking, it was a term to conjure with, and when a man was declared to be a proven reformer the highest possible compliment was paid. Tilden was hailed as the first of reformers. His administration was not a year old when from all parts of the Union came the suggestion that at the next Democratic National Convention he should be made the standard bearer of the party in the presidential fight. As the days passed, it seemed as if there could be no other result. Indeed, the early appearances were that his nomination would be accomplished by acclamation, with no opposition.

But there was a cloud showing above the horizon. It was the demand for what was in those days called "soft money." In other words, it was a demand that the coinage of gold should be stopped and that in lieu thereof national promises to pay, called "greenbacks," should be issued; also, that they should be issued in such volume as would meet

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

the demands of the people for plenty of money. This demand was also called the Ohio idea, because it originated in that state; but it spread rapidly to other states. Tilden was a stern adherent of the sound money principle—of a currency based on gold, and was called, as were others of the same faith, “a hard money man.”

The spread of this heresy put a new complexion on the situation. As the day of the convention approached, it was seen that three kinds of delegates had been elected: Those who were for Tilden without reserve of any kind; those who were pleased with Tilden as a probable winning candidate, but who subordinated every other consideration to the alluring contention of “money for everybody,” and men who were distinctly for Tilden, but who were not likely to vote for the adoption of a “soft money” platform.

In the outlook it appeared as if there was a majority for Tilden and a majority for a “soft money” plank. And right there was the trouble. Tilden declared that he would not be a candidate of the convention if there was a “soft money” plank in the platform. He said that to pledge himself to support such a platform would be a reversal of his lifelong devotion to the cause of sound money, and that defeat would unquestionably result from such insincerity as would be shown in accepting such a platform.

“The convention must be prevented from adopting a soft money platform,” said Governor Tilden. “If such a one is adopted, then I will be defeated for the nomination before my name can be presented to the convention.”

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

In the face of this complication a person who was in the confidence of Governor Tilden, and who was familiar with his theories, was commissioned to write a platform on which the Governor could stand. The delegates from New York were expected to stand firm for that platform. Mr. Tilden was a great organizer. That quality was abundantly shown in the way he met the situation above described. He had selected a man of considerable prominence, one of the delegates from this state, to be named for the committee on platform. But at this point he was met by a jealousy that compelled him to change his plans. The one who had written the platform that Tilden desired should be adopted by the convention objected to the person chosen to present it. Lieutenant-Governor Dorsheimer was therefore substituted. He was satisfactory to the writer of the platform.

When the lieutenants were summoned to Gramercy Park to be "advised," it seemed to them that Tilden had organized the convention in New York, in advance of its meeting. He told them that Henry Watterson of Kentucky would be the temporary chairman; that, in view of the fact that Watterson knew nothing about parliamentary law practice, John C. Jacobs, a delegate from Kings, who did know a great deal, would sit behind him to prompt him. He did not tell them that Jacobs could be relied upon for all the necessary unscrupulous audacity in ruling, but no one present had any doubt as to the reason why Jacobs was to be placed where he was. These lieutenants were also informed that Dorsheimer would be the chairman of the platform

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

committee. In concluding his "advice," Mr. Tilden said:

"Now, go on with the work on the lines here laid down. If you bring through this hard-money platform, as you must, you will have just so many votes in the convention for my nomination."

At St. Louis, when the convention met, the programme was carried out to the letter. And the strange thing is that in the outcome Tilden had for the nomination the number of votes he had named in New York, two weeks previously, less one. The suspicion was that this one had gone to take a drink at the wrong time.

As Tilden had foreshadowed, the whole contest centered on the financial question. As a point of danger, not only in the convention but in the subsequent campaign, it was recognized by both sides. Every effort was made to keep out of the discussion the terms "hard money" and "soft money" by the use of ambiguous phrases. The platform committee was in continuous session for thirty-six hours, and Dorsheimer had the great triumph of carrying out of the committee, as its report, the draft of the platform he had carried in.

This triumph, so extraordinary, created a sensation and caused great disappointment among the soft-money men. The weather was extremely hot, and Governor Dorsheimer, who, a few years previously, had suffered from a slight sunstroke, was overcome by the heat as he left the committee room. A placard announcing the fact was put up in the office of the Lindell House. Among those who thronged about it was "Blue Jeans" Williams, Governor of Indiana. Standing close to the placard,

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

in his blue jeans trousers, he read the announcement aloud in his nasal tones for the benefit of the crowd. Then he turned to the throng and said with portentous solemnity:

“Well, if I had had the triumph that man has had, I’d get good and drunk, too!”

So much disappointment was expressed by the soft-money element, and so much ridicule was heaped on the soft-money members of the committee, to whom it was pointed out that the majority of the delegates were with them, that General Thomas Ewing of Ohio prepared a minority report, and an effort was made all through the night to organize a support of it. It was then realized how wisely and intelligently, almost with super-human prescience, all the salient points of the convention had been seized by the Tilden organization.

But, nevertheless, it was a formidable support for the minority report that was present in the hall next morning. Dorsheimer was in his seat, looking pale and worn after a night’s illness, ready to present the majority report. The writer sought him out and asked him how he thought matters looked.

“It is a very serious situation,” said the Lieutenant Governor. “The majority of the convention is with the Ewing report. The issue must be met boldly or we shall go down, and Mr. Tilden will be withdrawn. Whether the Governor will be the nominee of this convention will be determined in the next hour.”

A quarter of an hour later he was on the platform presenting his report, which he supported in

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

a short speech—his voice feeble, his manner languid.

“He’s done,” gleefully cried a soft-money man in the rear of the reporters’ table. “We’ve got him.”

General Ewing climbed the platform and presented his report, supporting it with a speech of great power and ingenuity, which was thunderously applauded. The convention and the galleries were with him. As he ceased speaking, Dorsheimer sprang from his chair and, with his arm high uplifted, advanced in a position almost in front of the chairman, with all the impressiveness his great bulk and fine presence permitted. For a long moment he stood, with his uplifted arm waving to and fro until he had fixed the attention of the delegates upon himself. Then when the house was stilled, in stentorian tones, in dramatic contrast to the feeble voice in which he had presented the report, he launched this sentence:

“I propose to make the issue between hard money and soft money right here and now!”

The convention fairly gasped and sat still and silent, waiting for the thunder and lightning it felt was impending. The man behind the reporters’ table cried out in accents of fear:

“He’ll win yet.”

John Jacobs reached out and caught the coat-tails of the speaker, crying:

“Stop, Dors, stop! You’ll ruin everything!”

Dorsheimer brushed him aside and went down to the edge of the platform and launched his next sentence:

“The nominee of this convention cannot be elected without the votes of the Democrats of the

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

State of New York; New York will never, never support the financial heresies embraced in the minority report."

It was Bedlam on the floor. The delegates were on their feet, applauding, yelling, jeering and hissing.

"Listen to me," cried Dorsheimer, his great voice sounding clearly above the din. Again he had stilled the convention. Then he continued in an appeal which, in fact, was a demand that the convention adopt a platform on which a candidate who could win could stand. When he had finished, he had swept that convention from soft to hard money, and, seizing his opportunity, he moved the adoption of the majority report and on that moved the previous question.

By this time Jacobs had awokened to the bigness of the situation. By the voice of the chairman he rushed the formula through in such quick time that the majority report was adopted before all of the delegates knew on what they were voting.

The convention had declared for hard money. The nomination of Tilden was assured. Dorsheimer was the hero of the hour. Looking back over thirty years attendance as a newspaper man on all the national conventions of that period, this event stands out as the most striking in intensity and dramatic effect. Dorsheimer's speech was a great one. But its greatness was more in the courage that inspired it, in its commanding delivery and in the exercise of a great personality than in its matter. The rare acumen which led him to make a precise appeal to the passions of the moment was something like a touch of genius. It was an event and a scene never to be forgotten.

THE PENALTY PAID FOR SUCCESS



N the last recollection I dwelt on the great triumph of William Dorsheimer in forcing through the convention the platform as prepared in Gramercy Park two weeks in advance of the meeting of the convention of 1876.

To the day of his death Dorsheimer believed that his triumph in St. Louis lost him the nomination for governor, which had been agreed upon and promised him by the leaders. As previously stated, he was, in St. Louis, the hero of the hour and the idol of a day—the great figure of the convention. After the adjournment of the convention nearly every state delegation, with its band at its head, serenaded Dorsheimer at his hotel. The excitement of it all, following so closely on his prostration by the heat, brought about an illness that delayed his return to New York for several days.

Mr. Dorsheimer always claimed, without reservation of any kind, that a prominent Democrat of New York, who had intimate relations with Tilden, hurried from St. Louis to Albany to warn Tilden that Dorsheimer had achieved such popularity and influence with the Democracy of the nation that he had already become a dangerous rival to Mr. Tilden in the national leadership of the party. Therefore he must be put down.

It so happened when Dorsheimer did return to Albany he saw on the station platform Governor Tilden, who was speeding a departing guest. This

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

is the way Dorsheimer told his friends of the incident:

"I presume there was something of the conqueror—something of the man who deserved well of his chief for whom he had done good work—in my manner, but there was not in my words. Simply I congratulated him on the outcome of the convention and waited for the words of acknowledgement of the services I had given. Imagine my surprise when he merely looked at me with his calm, fishlike eyes, without the sign of an expression on his face, bowed coldly and stiffly, and without even a word of greeting limped off to his carriage attended by his servant."

The frigidity of this reception was remarkable to Dorsheimer for the reason that up to the very day of his departure for St. Louis he had been the inseparable companion of the Governor's leisure hours. No sight was more common in those days in Albany than that of the Governor and the Lieutenant Governor riding together in the afternoon.

Dumfounded by his reception, so immeasurably different from what he had supposed it would be, Dorsheimer awaited developments. The affair culminated at the meeting of the fall convention to nominate a governor to succeed Tilden. Assured in his own mind that the promises of the early summer would be performed and that the way would be made easy for him, Dorsheimer went to the convention to find matters so far as he was concerned in confusion.

Political etiquette demanded that the wishes of the presidential candidate as to the gubernatorial candidate in his own state should be respected.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

Hence the delegates waited for the word from Tilden, and as nothing had come from him, there was uncertainty and indecision. Finally it was announced, on what everybody thought was good authority, that Senator Francis Kernan of Utica, who had been called to New York by Tilden, would arrive in Saratoga Springs, the seat of the convention, the next day, bringing the word. Kernan arrived on time, but, when questioned, expressed surprise that anything should be expected from him, as nothing had been said by Tilden as to the latter's choice.

It was now confusion worse confounded. It was assumed that the prerogative of the presidential candidate was not to be exercised—that the convention was to be left free to make its own choice. Candidates sprang up in every direction, and Dorsheimer, who had been relying on the promises of the early summer, found himself without an organization to advance his fortunes and forced to meet an objection to him that had been dormant—to wit, that he was but a late comer from the Republican camp, having entered the Democratic party through the Liberal Republican door.

It was in this uncertain frame of mind that the convention met to make the nomination. Dorsheimer determined that he would have his name presented. A prominent lawyer of Buffalo, a man of high standing and of considerable oratorical reputation, was selected to present Dorsheimer. Whatever chances the Lieutenant Governor might have had were lost when the Buffalo orator, after having properly extolled Dorsheimer, commended him to the consideration of a Democratic convention

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

in the State of New York on the ground that his forebears were contemporaries of Martin Luther, the descendants, including the friend for whom he spoke, having been true to the principles of that "great reformer."

Those whose religious prejudice might have been excited were not even angry. The blunder was so huge that it was taken as a joke and the orator was laughed from the floor.

A moment later there was a development. John Morrissey engineered a demonstration for Horatio Seymour. Sitting in the middle of the hall, Morrissey cracked out the name of Seymour so persistently that he started a stampede for Seymour, and the Utica statesman was nominated.

This was the little game by which Dorsheimer was betrayed. Tilden, not altogether sure of his ability to carry the State of New York in a national election, desired the added strength of Seymour's name on the ticket. Seymour had been approached, but had positively declined to be a candidate. To make that clear to Tilden had been the reason of the journey of Senator Kernan to New York. The plan of stampeding the convention was then entered upon. The job was intrusted to Morrissey. Seymour, however, refused to be a party to the intrigue and made it so plain that he would not run that the convention was reconvened the following week and Lucius Robinson was nominated. Thus was Dorsheimer deprived of the place he thought he was entitled to. He was, however, renominated for lieutenant governor.

Dorsheimer was bitter over his defeat, but he said to the writer, who was talking with him about

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

the extraordinary blunder of the person who presented his name:

"It would seem that it was not to be. The fates were against me. It was not enough that Tilden should evade his pledged word, but my friend must obey an unaccountable impulse to introduce that Lutheran nonsense. He labored over his speech and when he read it to me there was not a word about Luther in it."

Sore and bitter as he was, however, he obeyed the call of Tilden to be the casemaker of the campaign, performing the duty with a noble fidelity to his word and pledge. Indeed, he was selected to make the first speech which was to serve as a cue to the campaign orators. The place selected for this speech was Boston, one of the reasons being that not a few of the leading men of Massachusetts were under the impression that that state could be carried for Tilden in that year.

Surely the Goddess of Fortune, having lavished her favors on Dorsheimer in St. Louis, must have afterward thought that she should even up matters. Dorsheimer's first appearance on the stump in the important role for which he was cast nearly ended in a ridiculous failure, through no fault of his.

The great mass meeting was to be held in Faneuil Hall in Boston. The managers of the meeting were determined that there should be a large attendance and efforts were made to fill the galleries with the faithful. The latter gathered early. In the long waiting they began to make more noise and demonstration than was desirable.

In that day there was a Democrat in Boston

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

who had great power over that element. He was known, if my memory is not treacherous, as Paddy Duffy. He was sought for and urged to take a seat in a conspicuous position on the platform, so that he could keep the "boys" in order. He did this willingly enough, but he had been taken from a party of kindred souls which had been celebrating the prospects of Democratic victory well, if not wisely. He took his conspicuous seat, but before the preliminaries were finished he was fast asleep.

Dorsheimer had prepared an eloquent exordium which was a reference to the historic walls of the old hall. When he was duly presented, most impressively he arose and, in measured tones, began:

"Faneuil Hall is full to-night."

Then he paused to give weight to the next sentence. In the pause a shrill voice from the upper gallery filled the hall:

"So is Paddy Duffy down on de stage."

The hall rocked with laughter and it was some time before the orator could gather himself, but when he did get going it was found he had abandoned his exordium.

A SENSATIONAL EPISODE



HATEVER may have been the opinion of the Republican leaders as to Samuel J. Tilden as a man, a politician or a candidate, prior to his entrance into the field of national politics, it is quite certain that the campaign was barely organized when they realized that they had met with the most formidable and aggressive opposition of their history.

Since the war had ended, the country had been through three presidential campaigns, in all of which the Republicans had waved the flag of the Union, announcing themselves as its only rightful custodians. They were intolerant and arrogant in their treatment of their opponents. "Every Democrat is a copperhead" was their cry. The Democrats, placed on the defensive, weakly submitted to the arrogance, waged as best they could apologetic campaigns and went down to successive defeats.

But in 1876 the conditions were changed. The situation was wholly different. By a dexterous turn the Republicans were placed on the defensive. That party was paying the penalty of sixteen years of uninterrupted power. Crimes committed by Republican office holders, scandals involving distinguished Republican names, wrongs appearing in the very seats of power, and abuses that called for remedy clogged the record of the second administration of Grant. Fresh from the destruction of the Tweed Ring in the city and of the Canal Ring

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

in the State of New York, Tilden mounted the platform of the Democratic party which had arraigned the Republican party at the bar of public opinion and drew the sword of reform.

In the beginning it was not realized how thoroughly Tilden had mapped out the field of the contest. The Republicans went through the old trick of lifting the Flag of the Union, sounding the Horn of Patriotism, waving the Bloody Shirt, and denouncing as traitors all who opposed them; but the crimes, the scandals, the wrongs and the abuses were there and had been exposed to the light. The Democratic platform summed them up in the following words:

When the annals of this republic show the disgrace and censure of a Vice President; a late Speaker of the House of Representatives marketing his rulings as a presiding officer; three senators profiting secretly by their votes as law-makers; five chairmen of the leading committees of the late House of Representatives exposed in jobbery; a late Secretary of the Treasury forcing balances in the public accounts; a late Attorney General misappropriating public funds; a Secretary of the Navy enriched or enriching friends by percentages levied off the profits of contractors with his department; an ambassador to England censured in a dishonorable speculation; the President's private secretary barely escaping conviction on trial for guilty complicity in frauds upon the revenue; a Secretary of War impeached for high crimes and misdemeanors—the demonstration is complete that the first step in reform must be the people's choice of honest men from another party, lest the disease of one political organization infect the body politic, and lest by making no change of men or parties we get no change of measures and no real reform.

At first this plank in the platform did not attract so much attention. It was overshadowed in the beginning by the financial planks. Later it was

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

found that the "Bloody Shirt" had been met in advance by this plank:

For the Democracy of the whole country we do here affirm our faith in the permanence of the Federal Union, our devotion to the Constitution of the United States, with its amendments universally accepted as a final settlement of the controversies that engendered civil war, and do here record our steadfast confidence in the perpetuity of republican self-government.

In the acceptance of the results of reconstruction this plank of arraignment loomed up as the main thing in the campaign. The Vice President arraigned was Colfax of Indiana, the Speaker was Blaine of Maine, the Secretary of the Treasury was Richardson of Massachusetts, the Attorney General was Williams of Oregon, the Secretary of the Navy was Robeson of New Jersey, the ambassador to England was Schenck of Ohio, the private secretary of the President was Babcock of Vermont, the Secretary of War was Belknap of Iowa.

For the campaign orators the names made concrete instances of wrongdoings that were rehearsed to the humiliation of Republicans. They could not be denied, for they were of public record. Each section of the country from Maine to Oregon contributed one of the wrongdoers, and so the wrongdoing as a whole was brought home sharply to every section. And from every Democratic platform were rehearsed the scandals of the "Freedmen's Bureau," of the "Credit Mobilier," of the sale of law in Kansas, in Louisiana and elsewhere, of "the naval contracts," of "the whisky frauds," of "the Emma Mine" and of "the tombstone contract."

Everywhere the great Republican party was on

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

the defensive. The hopes of Democratic success rose with each day's development until the elections of October came and the drift toward Tilden was so surely shown that absolute conviction as to final success in November possessed all those in the management of the Tilden campaign.

"The American people are calling the great reformer to Washington to clean out the Augean stables of the Federal Government," cried out Abram S. Hewitt in an ecstasy of elation.

So they did in November, by a majority of 250,000 on the popular vote. How three states that had given a majority for Tilden were changed to give Hayes a majority in the Electoral College is too much a matter of history to be rehearsed here. For years thereafter "Fraud Triumphant" was a Democratic asset in political campaigns.

Though in the days immediately following the November election the Republicans put forth their claims, yet the leaders moved forward with great caution, much as an elephant crossing marshy ground pats the earth before he places his weight on it. As the intent of that party became clearer, the Democratic rank and file watched eagerly for some expression from Tilden—some declaration from the candidate they had elected that he knew his rights and, knowing them, dared maintain them. But not a word came from him. Nor was any one authorized to speak for him. Day by day the Republicans became bolder in urging their claims. Gloom and silence enshrouded the candidate-elect. It was known that he was holding daily conferences in his house in Gramercy Park, but over what and as to what none knew.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

In the meantime a large number of Democrats from the various states of the Union had gathered in New York City. Finally they were brought into conference with some of the New York leaders. It was proposed by some one that Tilden should be induced to make a public utterance that would hearten the faithful and correct the notion that he was supine under the attempt to take from him the fruits of his victory. This was agreed to. So an audience with Tilden was sought and arranged. At the head of this delegation was placed a distinguished citizen of one of the Southern States, a man occupying high official position and of forceful presence. No publicity was given to the visit. On the contrary, an effort was made to keep it secret, and the one newspaper man taken into confidence was pledged to silence and secrecy. He was this writer.

The visit was made. Tilden received the deputation with the celebrated lawyer, Charles O'Conor, beside him. It was suggested to Tilden that he should be made the recipient of a serenade and, appearing on his own doorstep, briefly declare that he had been elected President of the United States; that the effort to deprive him of the office was a crime to which he would not willingly submit; that he would do all that was proper for him to do to prevent the consummation of the crime, and that he expected to take his seat.

Tilden stood before the deputation silent for a long time in deep thought, with no expression on his face. After a while he turned to Mr. O'Conor and whispered in his ear. Mr. O'Conor nodded his head affirmatively and emphatically. Tilden whis-

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

pered again, and again the great lawyer confirmed the whispered words by nods. After this, Mr. Tilden turned to the deputation and with great deliberation asked:

“Would that not be an overt act of treason?”

A hush fell on the room. Not a word was spoken until the leader in a tone of the utmost contempt gave withering expression to a word that should not be printed here.

Then he turned and, followed silently by the deputation, went out of the house.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

PROFFERED SALE OF LOUISIANA

DURING the month of November, 1876, it became apparent that an effort was being made in Louisiana to induce the Returning Board, as the state canvassing board was called there, to reverse the result of the voting on Election Day. By his superiors in The Eagle office the writer was rushed to Louisiana to watch the progress of this audacious attempt.

It did not take him long to discover, after his arrival in New Orleans, that the field of his activity must be that city. This was so, because, though the figures of three parishes in the northern part of the state were to be changed, the work was being done in New Orleans. In Louisiana the civil divisions, which in our state are called counties, are termed parishes.

The figures of the count on Election Day had given Tilden over 5,000 majority. Questions as to the accuracy of that count had been raised and allegations of fraud made in the three parishes. The parish canvassing officers were not to be found at their homes, and it was said that they were in New Orleans, under cover. In the meantime, in some mysterious way, the official returns were being held up somewhere between the parishes and the capital of the state.

At that time the State of Louisiana was under the control of as rascally a gang of carpetbaggers from the North as ever encumbered the earth, aided

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

by a conscienceless group of colored men, who controlled the negro vote. This control was supported by the presence of United States troops.

The city was in a state of wild excitement. The Democrats were nearly frantic over what they believed was a barefaced, fraudulent attempt to deprive them of a well-earned victory—won over great odds—won over United States troops stationed at the polls to influence the voting.

To them the seating of Tilden in the presidential chair meant relief from the burden and oppression of the United States troops and the dissipation of the crew of carpetbaggers, who were robbing right and left.

They were angered to the fighting point and all the more angered because they could not learn what was being done. Crowds of militant Democrats thronged the streets, the barrooms, the hotels, talking wildly in threatening and denunciatory words. A very dangerous outbreak was possible at any place and at any moment.

The reporter felt that in order to move about in these excited crowds with a degree of safety it was necessary that his own mission should be thoroughly understood. So he was at pains to make himself known and that he represented a Northern paper which was supporting Tilden—in short, that he was there to do his part in preventing the theft of a state.

Perhaps that is the reason why he achieved a conspicuity at which he had not aimed and why he was, to a slight extent, involved in an incident that promised at the time to be of great importance. First, it should be said, as having some degree of

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

relationship to the incident, that there were in town strangers from the North who, the reporter was firmly convinced, were agents of the Republican National Committee. In the case of two of them there was no concealment to the reporter, for they were aware that he knew what had been their relations to that committee in the campaign. The fact that they were plainly dissatisfied with the course of events and that they did not implicitly trust the men who were supposed to be manipulating the returns, gave the reporter much food for thought—this and the other fact that day by day there were no developments of moment, while the public excitement was rising higher and higher.

Late one afternoon, after a fruitless day's labor, the wearied reporter slipped into his hotel and, finding an empty chair in a remote corner of the office, sat down for a rest. He had been resting but a short time when a man whose acquaintance he had made at the Republican convention in Cincinnati that summer dropped into a chair beside him. After a few unimportant remarks, the man suddenly asked:

“Are you representing the Tilden people here?”

The reporter hastened to assure the questioner that he represented nothing but his paper—that he was merely a news gatherer. The man said no more on that score and shortly after went away. He joined a man leaning against the office counter. After a brief exchange, he left the second person and, after sauntering about a little, finally resumed the vacant chair beside the reporter. By and by came the question whether the reporter knew if there was a Tilden representative in town. To this

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

the reporter replied that he knew of none who was openly such, although there was one man in town who, he had reason to suspect, bore some such relation. Again the stranger went away. An hour elapsed and he reappeared, asking the reporter if he would accompany him to a room on the next floor. The affair was becoming mysterious. The reporter followed with some eagerness, for he thought that in a situation barren of real incidents of moment something of value might be the outcome. He was ushered into a room in which was seated a person, at once recognized by the reporter as a man prominent in the "carpetbag" control of Louisiana. It was Pinchbeck, then United States senator-elect. So soon as the reporter had been presented to Pinchbeck the guide disappeared.

Without preliminary remark the magnate of the carpetbag asked:

"Will you give me the name of the man you suspect to be a Tilden agent?"

To this the reporter replied:

"I do not know that he is one. I certainly would not give his name without his permission."

The upshot was that the reporter agreed to find this man and, if he was willing, to bring about a meeting with a person whom Pinchbeck neither named nor indicated.

It was a singular mission, concerning which he had many doubts. He had but little more than a speaking acquaintance with the person in question. He did not know just what he was. He was by no means certain that he was an agent of the Tilden interests, or that he was a man to be trusted in such a capacity. He was one of those men not infre-

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

quently met, invariably present at conspicuous political events, moving about with much reserve, having no visible duty, engaged in no apparent work, knowing everybody, in confidence with no one, yet well informed, apparently an isolated quantity. Placid, smiling, secretive and cynical, he was an interesting figure, though no one knew his means of support or his purposes in life. Such was Rhodes. The reporter had heard that in the Tweed affair he had been in confidential relation with Tilden, and knew that in the Canal Ring fight he had sat around the Albany hotels, referring contemptuously to Tilden as an old fox, who was not true to his word and who could not be trusted.

It was to this man the reporter went, telling him, without reserve, of the meeting with Pinchbeck.

"I do not admit that I am a Tilden agent," said Rhodes. "Indeed, I want you distinctly to understand that I am not—that I have no authority to act as such. Now, with this understanding, I am willing that my name should be known and to meet whoever wants to meet me."

A meeting took place the next day with a man whose identity I never learned. In the late afternoon of that day the reporter met Rhodes carrying his grip.

"Going away?" asked the reporter.

"To Washington, as quick as I can. Come with me to the station."

He was silent on the way thither, but as he put out his hand to the reporter and bade him goodby, he said:

"Louisiana is for sale; \$250,000 is the price. I am not an agent for Tilden or for that interest,

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

but I carry the terms of the bargain. In your own interest you will keep this to yourself."

The reporter did not keep it to himself, but he never heard more of the matter during that exciting period.

In November, 1891, in a public speech, at Chickering Hall, in Manhattan, Abram S. Hewitt, who had been chairman of the Democratic National Committee, and, in the 1876 campaign, Tilden's campaign manager, and, as well, member of Congress, used these words:

"The State of Louisiana has determined a presidential election. The vote of this state was offered to me for money, and I declined to buy it. But the vote of that state was sold for money."

And since the reporter read that part of Mr. Hewitt's speech, he has often wondered if Mr. Hewitt related the end of the incident of the beginning of which, in New Orleans, the reporter had personal knowledge.

HOW GRANT WAS WON



URING his term as President, General Grant occupied a cottage at Long Branch in the summer months. Those were the days of Long Branch's glory. Because of the President's residence there it was called "the summer capital." It was the headquarters of leading men of the Republican party.

It was in the seventh summer, I think, though it may have been the sixth, of Grant as President, that my superior called me to his room and suggested that I make an effort to see General Grant personally on a matter of interest to Brooklyn. This must have been in 1874 or 1875. In the lapse of years memory has been dimmed, but so far as I can recall the matter about which I went to see the President was the beginning of a movement which eventuated in the establishment of the Wallabout Market. It was deemed necessary that certain land in the possession of the United States Government and of little use to it should be ceded to the City of Brooklyn. The Navy Department opposed the cession and the reporter's superior had reason to believe that the opposition was inspired by the President. The superior desired to know what was the cause of the opposition and what, if anything, could be done to counteract it.

It was a difficult undertaking even for an optimistic reporter who was youthful enough to cry with Pistol, "The world's mine oyster which I with

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

sword will open." It was a case for the employment of diplomacy. Former Collector of the Port Thomas Murphy was a man enjoying close relations with General Grant, and to Mr. Murphy I went, telling him frankly the purpose of the proposed visit to Grant and asking his good offices in obtaining an audience with the President.

"I know nothing at all about the matter," said Mr. Murphy. "To be frank with you, I don't believe the President will talk about it to you if, as your chief thinks, he is committed against the cession. However, that doesn't prevent you taking a chance. Come down on the boat to the Branch this afternoon with me, and I will see the President and ask him to receive you."

This was done. An hour after arrival at the hotel a message came from Mr. Murphy saying that the President would receive me at 8 o'clock. Presenting myself at the "Cottage" at the hour named, I saw the President seated on the veranda with several gentlemen. He advanced to the edge of the steps as I ascended them, wished me a good evening in his simple, unassuming manner, without further word leading the way to an inner apartment. After motioning me to a seat, the President took a chair opposite and waited. I broke ground by a simple statement of the purpose of the call. The general asked a few questions, which were promptly answered. Then, after a slight pause, he began a condemnation of those who, taking advantage of acquaintanceship, sought to advance their own selfish interests by misleading persons in power.

At first I feared that the general had found in the call a reason for his condemnation, but as he

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

continued it was apparent that he had been stirred by a recent discovery and was resenting it in his speech. Whether what he said had relation to the subject matter of the call was not apparent in the beginning, but, as the general warmed up, he became more definite in his use of words and more specific in reference to an element which he thought had misled him in that very matter. I quickly recognized that I was receiving what the newspaper boys of to-day call "hot stuff." Therefore, when the general wound up by saying that whatever opposition there had been to the Brooklyn plan had ceased, I hurried away to write, fully realizing that I had been fortunate enough to come into contact with the general at the psychological moment when that high official wanted to talk. In writing I was mindful of the fact that etiquette demanded that the article would not appear as a direct interview with the President. I therefore employed the customary euphemism of "the highest authority," but in such a way that few would be in doubt that the talk came straight from the presidential tongue.

Yet writing I realized that the President had had some unguarded moments, in which he used expressions which he would not care to have go to the public in the terms he had employed. I worried awhile as to whether these expressions should be omitted, but finally determined to insert them and send the written article to the general, calling attention to the doubtful sentences. Patiently I awaited the return of the article. It was after 11 o'clock in the evening when the clerk of the hotel said that a messenger from the President desired to see me. General Grant wanted to see me again.

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

When I was ushered into the great man's presence for the second time that day, he was in his library. On my entrance he greeted me familiarly and went to a cabinet, from which he took one of his famous black cigars. It may be remarked, parenthetically, that the smoking of that cigar, loyally done to the very end, robbed me of my sleep that night. This little ceremony finished, the general said:

"I thank you for the courtesy of sending that writing to me and pointing out those rather free expressions. You were quite right. I should not have liked to have them go to the public in just that shape especially, as you have so skillfully written your article that no one in reading it will have any doubt as to who used them. You have been very polite. I am indeed grateful to you."

He picked up the article from the desk and, handing it to me, said: "I have cut out some things and changed others."

Running over the pages, I could not see that changes had been made except on one page. As I was about to place the article in my pocket, the general said:

"You did not look at the last page."

I then found that the general had added an important piece of information which had no relation to the subject he had been interviewed about. When that information was printed it appeared as a separate article and was a large "beat."

As I took my leave the general followed me into the hall and said, in parting:

"I should be pleased to have you call on me whenever you are pleased to call."

I went into the midnight quite well satisfied. I

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

felt that I must have won at least a degree of Grant's confidence. Thereafter, until the day of the general's death, I never had difficulty in obtaining an easy approach to Grant or of getting answers to any questions I chose to ask.

That is the reason why at the time of the great electoral count in Washington in 1876 I conceived the idea of doing that which Abram S. Hewitt after the event pronounced the "cheekiest" thing he had ever known a man to do.

There was at the time a great deal of excited talk among the Democrats. One of the favorite assertions was that the administration which was going out of existence—that is to say, General Grant's administration—would seat the Republican claimant, Hayes, whatever the determination of Congress might be. Those who talked thus were loud in their assertions that there should be no compromise with the Senate. The Electoral Commission idea had been broached, but could not be carried into effect without the consent of the House, which was Democratic in its majority. If the House would insist on the count proceeding on the lines of precedent, then, if the Republicans were bent on seating Hayes, they would have to take the responsibility of resorting to revolutionary methods. It was believed by this element that the method which would be resorted to would be that of assuming that the determination of the Senate should be accepted and that Hayes would be seated in the White House by force of arms.

It was in this situation that I conceived the idea of finding out how the retiring President stood on the matter and what he proposed to do in the event

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

of a division of the two houses. Undoubtedly it was a very youthful conception. Undoubtedly, also, I had not an adequate appreciation of the seriousness of the enterprise. Certainly it was in no realization of a "cheeky" effort that I presented myself at the White House and asked an admission to the President. If General Grant thought that the question as to what he was going to do in the premises was "cheeky," he did not show it by his manner or speech. Without hesitation, and in his simple way, he made answer, so far as now can be recalled, in these exact words:

"With the understanding that this is not to be a direct interview with the President of the United States, I will say that the Executive Department will not seat any man in the White House. It will be bound by the determination of the Congress, and will execute the commands of the Congress. If the determination of the Congress is that Mr. Tilden has been chosen, this department will see that Mr. Tilden peacefully takes possession of the President's house. If the Congress determines that Hayes is the man, Mr. Hayes will be placed in possession in the same way."

Turning this in to my immediate superior, I sought Abram S. Hewitt, to tell him what had occurred. Mr. Hewitt was much engrossed at the moment and gave at first but scant attention, but suddenly realizing the purport of my words, he turned intently, giving searching heed to the tale. At its conclusion, he asked in incredulous tones:

"You went to the President and asked that question?"

On my assurance that I had done just that, Mr.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

Hewitt threw himself into a chair and laughed aloud. When he had laughed his laugh out, he exclaimed:

“That is the cheekiest thing I ever knew a man to do.”

Then he called a person from an adjoining room and said:

“Here is a man who actually went to the President of the United States and asked him, in advance of the act, whether or not he, the President, was about to commit a crime.”

They laughed together, I sitting by, very red and much confused.

“Well,” remarked the stranger, “as I am convinced that Congress will count in Hayes, rightly or wrongly, I think I may conclude that Hayes will be seated in the White House.”

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

THE CONTESTS OF TILDEN AND JOHN KELLY



N the year following the seating of Hayes, seeds were sown, the fruits of which were dissensions in both parties in the State of New York. Political history was made rapidly. Toward the close of the Hayes administration an observant Republican politician said: "There is more politics to the square inch at this time than ever before in the history of the country, and the pressure is equally as great in both parties."

Giants were at war in those days. At the risk of having "palmy days" flung at me, I venture to say that the political generals of the period beginning with 1876 and ending with 1884 were Titans, whose successors have not measured up to their stature. These are not terms of unqualified admiration. Many of those generals were to be admired only for their strength, power, combativeness, capacity for intrigue and selfish persistency. If not ideal patriots, they were master workmen in partisanship, the like of whom we have not seen since that time.

What the direct or indirect influence of these Titanic struggles was on subsequent events must be left for the determination of reflective and philosophical historians. For the purpose here it is sufficient to say that the mighty struggle of Conkling and Blaine, while ending in the defeat of both, worked a political revolution in the country.

In New York State the antagonism that John

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

Kelly had raised against Tilden for a time deprived Tilden of his control of the party machinery and culminated in the bolting of Tammany from a State convention.

On the downfall of Tweed, John Kelly had come to the leadership of Tammany. He early began the reorganization of the old political body, and when he had completed his work it was clearly apparent that he was in supreme control. He had supported Tilden for Governor, but opposed his nomination for President. He had favored the nomination of Lucius Robinson for Governor, but appeared as an opponent before Robinson was fairly warm in his seat. Posing as a friend of reform, he had made common cause with the remnants of the Canal Ring demolished by Tilden, and together that remnant and Tammany made so formidable a force that in 1877 they took possession of the State convention and wrested the party machinery from Tilden and his friends.

There was no mystery about the divisions in the Republican party of this State. The quarrel between Senator Conkling and Mr. Blaine of Maine, begun in personalities in Washington, spread to New York. What was left of the organization the former Governor Fenton had built up with such pains espoused the side of Blaine. This espousal originated in a desire to make things uncomfortable for Conkling rather than from a warm friendship for the man from Maine. In a severe struggle Conkling had unhorsed Fenton in a fight for the leadership of the party. Those who had stayed with Fenton to the last and had gone down with his colors were sore and sullen. They became

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

skirmishers on the flanks of Conkling's victorious army, annoying and irritating it without impeding its onward march.

As time went on it was discovered that the strength and power of the regular Republican organization were based on the Federal patronage and its unscrupulous use. It was also soon apparent that it was under the imperious sway of Conkling, who demanded from his followers unwavering obedience to his slightest behest, and, with his "fatal gift of sarcasm," covered with obloquy all who dared even to question the wisdom of his course. Against this manhood revolted and as time passed on men of influence within their own districts found themselves outside the breastworks of the central organization until a formidable opposition to the Conkling control grew up with a place in each of the counties.

This course brought about a very close, compact and responsive machine, but, as it was made up, in the main, of those who were "out for pelf and profit," the undesirable elements of the Republican party were in control and against it the better element rebelled. Of this better element George William Curtis was, at least, the spokesman, and the warfare that raged between the elegant and eloquent doctrinaire and the lordly and imperious Conkling gave rise to at least two notable instances of forensic oratory. The "plain words are best" speech of Mr. Curtis and the "man milliner" speech of Conkling in reply will long live in the memory of those fortunate enough to have listened to them and in the annals of political history. I who heard both to this day recall the sensation of delight with

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

which I listened to the beauty, eloquence and polished delivery of the Curtis oration and how I was stunned by the withering sarcasm of the Conkling philippic inflamed as it was by hate and passion. "There were giants in the earth in those days." Finally a combination of all the diverse elements of opposition worked the political destruction of Conkling.

There was mystery, however, in the dissensions in the Democratic party. John Kelly, the undisputed master of the strong Tammany organization, was in open opposition to Tilden. Why? was a question frequently asked, not only by the followers of Tilden but by the rank and file of Tammany itself.

An opportunity presenting itself, I asked Mr. Tilden the reason of Kelly's opposition. The statesman, after a moment of thought, whispered in reply:

"Unless it is that Mr. Kelly sees in me an obstacle to his ambition to become the leader of the Democracy of the State of New York, no reason can be given. His opposition came without warning and, without anything, within my knowledge leading up to it."

In the spring of the first year of Governor Robinson's administration, after the adjournment of the Legislature, the Governor was made the recipient of a notable demonstration by Tammany in New York City. Mr. Robinson, as Governor, had signed certain legislation greatly desired by Tammany. The Governor's course had been dictated by the belief that the legislation was proper and right. Quite evidently, to the tortuous mind of Kelly, the acts were a request for the support of Tammany in opposition to Tilden.

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

It was the kind of politics Kelly was accustomed to. In his outlook there was only the alternative of blind obedience to leadership or open defiance of it. So he construed the signatory acts of the Governor in the light of this argument: Tammany opposes Tilden, Robinson has performed an act friendly to Tammany. Ergo, Robinson wants to part from Tilden and bids for Tammany's support. Deduction: Tammany will give him the support and run another knife into Tilden. Yet the snows of the following winter had only begun to fall when Tammany was even more bitter against Robinson than it was against Tilden.

In the spring of 1879 I had an interview with Governor Robinson which was notable at the time, since the Governor seized the occasion to say that he would not be a candidate for a second term at the nominating convention to meet in the following fall and made the remark, much commented on at the time, "that all the glory there was in the gubernatorial office was in having once occupied it well."

I seized this opportunity to ask the Governor what was the cause of Kelly's opposition to him. Very promptly the Governor replied:

"Kelly entered into a bargain with Tweed to give testimony which would besmirch certain people, promising him liberty and immunity from further prosecution in return for the service. Tweed performed his part of the bargain, but Kelly was unable to carry out his part, because of the attitude of the Attorney General. He charged up his failure to me. I declined even to attempt to interfere with the Attorney General in the discharge of his duty."

This was a reference to a very curious bit of

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

politics played by Kelly in 1877. He instituted an aldermanic investigation into the affairs of the city. Persuading Tweed to depart from the policy he had adhered to during all his troubles, and, appearing as a witness, turn informer as to certain men Kelly desired to punish or remove from his path, he promised Tweed his freedom in return. Tweed was in Ludlow Street Jail under civil proceedings by the State for the recovery of some six millions of dollars. Tweed did appear as a witness and gave the testimony desired. But the matter of relief and suspension of proceedings was in the hands of the Attorney General of the State, Charles S. Fairchild. He refused to do what Kelly wanted done, and the result was that Kelly, with all his power, was not able to carry out his part of the bargain, but was placed in the light of one who had buncoed the old man Tweed.

Angered and humiliated, Kelly sought to combine in one general movement all of the elements of opposition to Tilden. The Canal Ring hosts had gotten far enough away from the prosecution to pluck up courage and joined in the movement eagerly. The first effect was felt in the fall of 1877, when the control of the State convention was wrested from the Tilden forces and Allen C. Beach was nominated for Secretary of State in place of John Bigelow, the Tilden candidate, who at the time was in Europe with Mr. Tilden. With the loss of control of the convention went the control of the party machinery, and this was a serious blow to Tilden.

A year later Tilden recovered control, but it was by reason of the transfer of the allegiance of Lester B. Faulkner, who by the opposition had been chosen

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

chairman of the State Committee. The transfer created considerable excitement at the time. Tilden's opponents were very angry, some of them not hesitating to say that the result had been achieved by the use of money. There was no proof of this, and the assertion was based only on the known tricky character of Faulkner. Faulkner ended his career as a fugitive.

The fight was continued up to 1879. Kelly was a megalomaniac. Possessing supreme power over Tammany, he had persuaded himself that possession of power over the State and National Democracy would be yielded him on the mere assumption of it. He was a great blunderer. It is quite possible that if he had governed himself with prudence he could have secured a candidate for Governor who, at least, would have been friendly to him. But that would not satisfy his overweening conceit. He wanted to punish Robinson and obtain the credit of having driven the Governor from public life. So, in the late summer of 1879, though Robinson had declared he would not be a candidate and though it was well known that Robinson favored the nomination of Frederic P. Olcott, then Controller, as his successor, Kelly made the public declaration that he would not permit Robinson to have a renomination, that he was the one man who could not be named. This he reiterated with such vehemence that Robinson announced his candidacy, saying that while he was willing to retire, he would not be driven out by the threat of one man.

Kelly chose to put his all at stake. He said that were Robinson nominated he would withdraw his organization from the convention. Evidently he

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

thought that would end the matter. It did not. The Democrats were not cowed by the threat. The convention nominated Robinson, and Kelly found himself in a position in which he did not intend he should be placed. He was compelled to withdraw and set himself up as a bolting candidate.

Nevertheless he accomplished much. He defeated Robinson, placed Republicans in power in the State again, and bred the conviction in the minds of many of Tilden's strongest adherents, that a stage had been reached when it was doubtful if Tilden could again carry the State. And thereby hangs a tale which may some day be told.

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

SENATOR CONKLIN AND CHESTER A. ARTHUR.



In 1877, the year of his retirement from the Presidency, General Grant left the United States for his famous tour of the world, during which the honors of all countries were showered on him. Returning in the fall of 1879, he found a movement on foot to renominate him for the presidential office. Also, he found active opposition to his renomination.

It was not so much opposition to the man as it was to the principle of a third term. From the moment the proposal had been made there had been an outburst of protestation and much talk of "Caesarism." The discussion was heated as early as the summer of 1879. On September 20 General Grant reached San Francisco, on his return. At that city he was given a most flattering reception, which was the first of a series that accompanied his progress to the Atlantic coast. So great was the acclaim with which he was received that for a time the protests against a third term were overshadowed, and those who advocated the renomination were misled into believing that the enormous popularity of the man would sweep everything before him.

The events of the state conventions, however, showed that the party as a whole, while it gave to Grant unqualified respect and esteem, would not

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

abandon the anti-third term principle. When the forces were lined up at Chicago on June 2, 1880, there were as candidates for the nomination James G. Blaine of Maine, John Sherman of Ohio, George F. Edmunds of Vermont, E. B. Washburne of Illinois and William Windom of Minnesota, as well as Grant. The first ballot showed that while Grant had received the largest number of votes given for a single candidate, yet he was a minority candidate. The whole number of ballots cast was 760, of which he received 304. The majority had been cast against him—456, a sufficient number to have nominated if they had been cast for a single person. As it was, Mr. Blaine received 284, Mr. Sherman 98, Mr. Edmunds 34, Mr. Washburne 30, and Mr. Windom 10. These candidates discovered their respective strengths in the first ballot, and for the thirty-four that followed there was so little variation in the votes of the three leaders, Grant, Blaine and Sherman, that it is not worth noting. It was a deadlock which was not broken until the thirty-sixth ballot, when James A. Garfield was chosen by 399.

Mr. Garfield had not been presented formally to the convention as a candidate. He was a delegate from Ohio, pledged to the support of John Sherman, for whom he made the nominating speech. His name appeared in the second ballot—a single delegate voting for him. This delegate voted for him, occasionally being joined by another, until the fourteenth ballot, when the name dropped out, not to reappear until the nineteenth. Then the single delegate returned with his vote for Garfield. In the thirty-fourth ballot this single vote grew to 17,

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

and in the next to 50. The break of the deadlock came in the thirty-sixth.

On the first day of the session Garfield had made a speech on a question of order, which had made a strong impression on the convention, an impression he further increased by his speech nominating Sherman. When the deadlock became apparent, and it was seen that Grant and Blaine were just strong enough to kill each other, and not strong enough to do more, there were many thoughtful men who could see no other outcome than the nomination of Garfield.

The main strength of Sherman was in the colored delegates from the South. Rumor, freely expressed at the time, said that they had been purchased to the support by liberal expenditures, but there was no evidence to that end. From the beginning these Southern delegates had been solicited by the Grant advocates to go to Grant. To hold them solid for Sherman was a duty imposed on a Brooklynite, Albert Daggett, and he discharged it in that flamboyant way characteristic of him. He engaged the most elegant suite of rooms in the Palmer House, the "Princess suite," if I remember correctly. The sideboard was stocked with all sorts of drinkables, over which presided the butler Daggett had brought from his home. Champagne flowed like water and on the silken couches lolled men who but a brief time before had been field hands, knowing nothing better than a cabin and bare boards.

Whatever may have been said as to the methods employed by Daggett, the fact is that when the expected break came, the Brooklyn man delivered his dark charges solidly to Garfield without the loss of

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

a single man. When the last of them had voted, Daggett turned to the writer, who was standing by, and said:

“Now I’ll go and fumigate myself.”

When the deadlock was broken by the nomination of Garfield, adjournment was immediately taken. Though the nomination had been anticipated by many for two days, yet when it came it was a surprise to the workers and there was an immediate realization that the old political lines had been broken—that new lines must be drawn and that, elated as they were over their victory, responsibility now rested on the half-breeds. So the pause of an adjournment was seized to see what use could be made of the nomination for Vice President in bringing about a peace.

In the convention hall there was a room, adjoining the platform, which had been set aside for the newspaper men. During the prolonged session it had been used by many delegates for purposes of consultation. Though I was not assigned to duty at the convention and was in attendance only as an idle observer drawn thither by intense interest in a crucial political event, I availed myself of the privilege of the room under a card of admission received through the courtesy of the chairman of the press committee. Thus it was that as the time approached for the meeting of the convention in second session I sought that room to write some letters. When I entered a few of the correspondents were present finishing up their work. In a short time they drifted away and I was left the sole occupant of the large room. Shortly afterward



CHESTER A. ARTHUR

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

the man who, in many respects, had been the chief figure in the convention, Senator Roscoe Conkling, entered. If he noticed me sitting in an obscure corner, he gave me no heed. Conkling was plainly much perturbed. He walked up and down the long aisle with energetic steps, sometimes gesticulating vigorously as if giving emphasis to his thoughts and often muttering aloud.

I am well aware that what I am about to relate does not comport with the accepted statements of Senator Conkling's relation to the nomination of Chester A. Arthur for Vice President. All alleged history and statement to the contrary, notwithstanding, this is what occurred within my hearing, reported as faithfully as memory will permit:

Mr. Arthur entered by the door leading from the platform. Senator Conkling was at the other end of the room, walking toward the door by which Mr. Arthur entered. Approaching each other, they met in the middle of the room not far from where I was at work.

"I have been hunting everywhere for you, senator," said Mr. Arthur.

"Well, sir," replied Conkling.

The two men as they faced each other were notable figures. Conkling, tall, handsome and imperious; Arthur, quite as tall, if not taller, polished, refined, well groomed, the type of a man of the world, in his appearance giving no indication of being the leader of the "Johnnies" and the "Jakes" and the "Barneys" and the "Mikes" of New York City.

There was a moment of hesitation under the uncompromising attitude of the senator. Finally Mr. Arthur said:

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

“The Ohio men have offered me the Vice Presidency.”

The senator’s voice rang out in indignant tones:

“Well, sir, you should drop it as you would a red hot shoe from the forge.”

There was a flash of resentment in the eyes of Arthur as he replied:

“I sought you to consult, not——”

Conkling broke in on him:

“What is there to consult about? This trickster of Mentor will be defeated before the country.”

“There is something else to be said,” remarked Arthur.

“What, sir, you think of accepting?” fairly shouted Conkling.

Arthur hesitated a moment and said slowly, but with emphasis:

“The office of the Vice President is a greater honor than I ever dreamed of attaining. A barren nomination would be a great honor. In a calmer moment you will look at this differently.”

“If you wish for my favor and my respect you will contemptuously decline it.”

Arthur looked Conkling straight in the eye and said:

“Senator Conkling, I shall accept the nomination and I shall carry with me the majority of the delegation.”

The senator looked at him for a brief moment and then in a towering rage turned and walked away. For another moment Arthur looked after him regretfully and then the man who in a year’s time was to be seated in the White House as Presi-

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

dent turned and walked out of the room. In a later session that day Arthur was nominated.

A number of statements as to how Arthur came to be named have been made. The favorite one is that Ohio, seeking to conciliate New York, asked Conkling to name the candidate, and he with great scorn said: "Oh, nominate 'Chet' Arthur."

In his "Our Presidents, How We Make Them," A. K. McClure has this to say:

"Senator Conkling was in a violent temper over the defeat of Grant, and when asked to name a candidate for Vice President, he at first petulantly refused to do so, but some of his more deliberate friends suggested the name of Chester A. Arthur, who was in the delegation. Arthur had acted as chairman during a part of the balloting when Conkling was absent, and his dignified and manly manner of announcing the vote of his state contrasted very favorably with the offensive manner of Conkling. Conkling assented to rather than dictated the nomination of Arthur."

As a matter of fact, Mr. McClure's statement does not conflict with the scene of the two men as here described.

LUCKY GUESSING



URING the Chicago Republican convention of 1880 I had an amusing experience in political guessing. On a day when it had become apparent that a deadlock was on, which was not to be broken in favor of any one of the named candidates, I entered a celebrated house in the convention city. It was an enormous place, with its bar of 100 feet in length, more or less, and a dozen or so white-coated bartenders behind it, giving silent testimony to the irrigating propensities of the Chicago public.

At the head of this long line of bartenders was one of the impassive, imperturbable type—a man who would not be disturbed were you to explode dynamite at his heels.

Opposite the smileless bartender, in the center of the floor, was a group of men, of which former Governor Warmouth and P. B. S. Pinchbeck, the colored man twice elected to the United States Senate and rejected by the Republican senators, were the conspicuous figures. As I entered, Pinchbeck saw me and called out:

“Ah, here comes the man who knows it all. He’ll tell us all about it. Who’s going to be the nominee of this convention?”

“James A. Garfield,” I promptly replied.

I had been annoyed by the bumptious way in which Pinchbeck had fixed the attention of all within hearing of him. While it was true that I did

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

believe that there could be no other outcome than the Garfield nomination, I also realized that nothing more distinctly unpleasant could be suggested to a crowd of which Pinchbeck and Warmouth were central figures. So, annoyed by Pinchbeck's manner, I had answered as I had, and was prepared for the shouts of derisive laughter as I turned away; but I was not prepared for the expression of deep, utter contempt turned upon me by the imperturbable bartender, who dropped his impassivity long enough to display disgust with the political tenderfoot from the East.

A few days passed and the deadlock was broken. James A. Garfield was nominated. On that day, as the hour for the reassembling of the convention was approaching, I started for the hall again to see who would be nominated for Vice President. As I turned the corner into the street in which was the public house spoken of, I met Howard Carroll, now a prominent figure in the commercial life of New York City, and then a political writer for the New York Times, whose reputation was widely extended and to whom, a few days before, I had expressed the opinion that Garfield would be the man.

"You were right," Carroll cried out. "I've written my stuff and got it on the wire, and I want to get the dust of the hall out of my throat; so we'll celebrate your triumph over a small bottle. Come along."

Entering the same public house we went to a table near the head of the bar, where officiated the imperturbable bartender. As I seated myself the man leaned over the counter and, touching me on the shoulder, said:

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

"If you will tell me who is going to be the nominee of the Democratic convention at Cincinnati, I'll put my bottom dollar on him."

"Winfield Scott Hancock," was the answer.

This reply was made not because I had any special information. The paper to which I was bound was earnestly advocating the naming of Hancock, and so, more in a spirit of loyalty to my paper than for any other reason, I replied as I did.

The bartender, however, took the reply as unqualified wisdom and said:

"My pile goes on Winfield Scott Hancock."

He turned to serve the thirst of a Chicagoan, actually smiling.

On that day, after Arthur had been nominated for the Vice Presidency, the writer fell in with Governor Warmouth. This time the governor was alone. It was quite apparent that he doubted the wisdom of the nominations. He was self-contained and conservative in manner and expression, but he was critical.

"To be frank," he said, in reply to a question, "I think that if the ticket had been reversed it would have been better."

I expressed astonishment, remarking that I did not know that Arthur had ever been considered by anybody for the first place.

"Nor do I," replied the governor. "What I mean is that such a ticket, from a practical standpoint, would have been better than the ticket we have. I do not think that Mr. Arthur would have made an ideal candidate from New York. The fact of it is that New York is the pivotal state. The candidate who will carry New York will have a

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

majority of the Electoral College. The Republicans, responsible for the Hayes administration, have handed the South over to the Democrats. We must rely on New York. That is the battle ground. Can Garfield carry it with the elements regarding him as they do? I believe that Arthur could have carried it even against Tilden. I have my doubts about Garfield's ability to do so."

How accurate the judgment of Governor Warmouth was is shown in the figures of election. Garfield carried the State of New York by 21,044, thus securing 214 votes in the college, to 155 for Hancock, the Democrat. If the state had gone to Hancock the vote in the Electoral College would have been 191 for Hancock and 178 for Garfield. New York was the battle ground and on its vote depended the result.

Recalling the remark of the governor that the Hayes administration "had handed over the South to the Democrats," I asked him what he meant.

"I mean," said the governor, "that the withdrawal of the troops from the South made it a solid Democratic section of the country. That's what it will be this election—solid Democratic South. For seven years Republican workers had labored and labored successfully to maintain a broken South against heavy odds. When the support of the troops to insure the counting of the negro votes was removed everything went by the board. These workers were abandoned in order to seat Hayes. You will be an infirm old man before you will see anything but a solid Democratic South."

He laughed rather reminiscently as he went on.

"Oh, our people in Louisiana were well bun-

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

coed. I had nothing to do with it. It was the other fellows who had the management. I was hardly a looker on. They could have made a deal with the Democrats and delivered the certificates on their face and not have been disturbed in their power, but they mismanaged the affair. They were buncoed out of the results of the deal with the Republican managers, to face the fact that there had been a deal made with the Democrats that broke down their power for all time."

There have been but few great national conventions from which so many members went home so dissatisfied and regretful. On the day the delegates turned their backs on Chicago and their faces toward home, Garfield was a beaten man—in the opinion of all the politicians. There were elements that were resentful and in an ugly temper.

Before leaving town I visited the headquarters of the independent members of the New York delegation. They were preparing for their journey east. I was well acquainted with State Senator William H. Robertson, who had led the revolt against the state convention's resolution of instruction and for the unit rule, and expected to find him especially jubilant over the result. He was not jubilant, apparently. He expressed satisfaction with the nomination of Garfield, but made no other remarks.

A moment or two later I said to James W. Husted that I was surprised that Judge Robertson took the complete victory so quietly.

"It wasn't a complete victory," replied Husted sententiously, refusing to say more.

Some time later I met John H. Birdsall, who

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

was a delegate from the First Congressional District of New York, and one of the revolters against convention instructions. To him I related my talk with Robertson and Husted, and asked what was the meaning of it.

"We are not so well satisfied with the man in the second place," replied Birdsall. "It was Robertson who engineered the break for Garfield, but without consulting the men who did so much for the nomination, these Ohio men undertook to placate the Conkling men by giving the second place to a Conkling heeler. We thought that Robertson ought to have been the man and 'Jimmy' Husted asked for it. However, it is all right. They'll get over it. We made our kick and pledges have been made. The judge will have a big place in the Cabinet or something as good."

It was "something as good!" Judge Robertson was given the collectorship of the port of New York, with consequences of tremendous moment.

HOW TILDEN LOST THE CINCINNATI NOMINATION



HEN at Cincinnati in 1880, in the days immediately preceding the National Democratic Convention, I called on William C. Whitney in the hope of having light shed on a dark and confused situation, I found that active person in an extremely critical frame of mind.

"The situation is dark," he said. "It is worse. It is muddled. But what do you want—to interview me?"

I explained that I had found so many things that were irreconcilable and so many men who a month previously had been declaring for Tilden advocating other candidates for the nomination that I was seeking information for my own guidance, and that I had no purpose of interviewing unless Mr. Whitney wished it.

"I don't," said Mr. Whitney. "I should have to talk in platitudes if I were to be interviewed, and that would not serve you."

An understanding having been reached, Mr. Whitney began with this assertion:

"The situation is so muddled that it cannot be straightened out. One of the peculiar weaknesses of Mr. Tilden, as a political leader, is that he gives his whole confidence to no one, not even to those on whom he must rely for the execution of his plans. He has reserves in everything he says and he expects his supporters to guess his intention. And if

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

we do not guess accurately he is angry. He lost the Presidential seat by just such methods. By withholding his confidence from those who represented his interest in Washington he weakened them with Democratic senators and congressmen who at first were willing, if not anxious, to submit to their lead."

Reviewing the situation as it appeared from the Cincinnati standpoint and pointing out that all sorts of candidates had cropped up to complicate the situation, Mr. Whitney went on to say:

"The course, or perhaps the inaction of Mr. Tilden during the 'count times' has led a large number of Democrats to believe that he forfeited his Presidential seat through want of requisite courage. Whether it is a just conclusion I will not consider, but the fact is that the belief, whether warranted or not, has alienated the South and the West. I had heard of this in New York, but I had not comprehended either the wide extent or the strength of this belief until I came in contact with it here in Cincinnati. The course of Mr. Tilden during the four years following the count has not been such as to build up his personal strength. He seems to have relied wholly on the logic of the situation. Thus it is that we have the anomaly of the strongest sort of an issue and the weakest sort of a candidate who is naturally and logically the representative of the issue.

"Now, then, the weakness of the logical candidate and the enormous strength of the cause he should represent have led nearly every Democrat having presidential aspirations to present his claims. Each one seems to think there is a chance for him.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

Hence there is no possibility of making combinations of interests.

"Such is the general situation, and it is just as confused among those from New York who are willing to follow Mr. Tilden in his slightest behest. But my understanding of Mr. Tilden's attitude is not that of Mr. Manning, and we can't reconcile the things that have been said to each of us by the great man. My understanding is that Mr. Tilden is not himself a candidate, but does want Henry B. Payne of Ohio nominated. Mr. Manning's understanding is that Mr. Tilden wants the nomination himself. I have been at work advancing the Payne cause, and find myself in a false position. Mr. Payne is my father-in-law, and old allies actually charge me with a treacherous abandonment of Mr. Tilden purely for family reasons. Now, still further to complicate the situation, Henry Tilden, Samuel J.'s brother, has telegraphed that he is on the way, bearing an important document from Sammy.

"I caught him on his train by wire, and asked him to tell me whether or not his brother was a candidate. And what do you suppose his answer was? 'I don't know.' Here is a man bearing an important letter from his brother, and he doesn't know whether or not that brother is a candidate. It is an excellent illustration of Mr. Tilden's methods.

"Well, those methods have lost the game. Mr. Tilden cannot be nominated in this convention. And in the uncertainty and doubt, he cannot name the candidate. It looks to me like Hancock, though Bayard seems to be running up with him. But we will take care that Mr. Bayard, after his course in the Senate four years ago, does not get a two-thirds

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

vote. We're strong enough to kill if we are not strong enough to win. But Hancock is the man of all men that Tilden does not want."

That Tilden was, nevertheless, a strong factor in the convention was made apparent in the anxiety as to what the Tilden letter contained. When Henry Tilden arrived he was met at the station by Smith M. Weed and Andrew H. Green, who wanted to see the letter, but Henry held them off by saying that his instructions were to deliver it to Manning. This he did. Although an effort was made to keep it secret, the fact that there was a letter of declination from Tilden leaked out and set the town to buzzing.

There is now abundant evidence that Mr. Tilden desired that the letter should not be made known until it was read in the convention. But the letter was addressed to the "Delegates from the State of New York to the Democratic National Convention." Manning, Weed and others insisted that it should be submitted to the delegation at once. A meeting of the delegation was called, and Augustus Schoonmaker, a delegate from Ulster County, accepting the document for what it was on its face, and supposing words to mean what they ostensibly expressed, moved to accept the withdrawal in good faith, and that it be given to the public press. This was done and agreed to by many as clearing the way for the nomination of Payne. This is what is called the premature publication of the letter.

The result was the growth in strength of Hancock, who, on the second ballot, was nominated in a stampede.

An hour or two after the convention had ad-

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

journed I again called on Mr. Whitney to congratulate him upon his acumen in foreseeing the Hancock nomination.

“Yes,” he said, “it has gone as I foresaw, but not as I hoped. If Mr. Tilden had been frankly out two weeks before the convention met we could have nominated Payne. But Tilden wasn’t out even when he wrote that letter. No, that letter was written to be read in the convention, and Tilden believed that if it had been the convention would have been swept into a stampede for him. It was a very cunning thing. If the convention was determined to nominate someone else, as appeared to be the case, then the result would go down in history as the consequence of Tilden’s withdrawal. If in the reading of the letter in the convention it had had the effect intended, then history would say that the party refused to let him withdraw. Of course, this is my opinion. And such being my opinion, I conclude that there is an uncomfortable hour in prospect for both Henry and Manning. From the Tilden standpoint they have blundered woefully. However, this ends Tilden. Anyhow, the old man is now nearly a physical wreck, as you know.”

Meeting Mr. Whitney one day during the campaign, I reverted to his expressions in Cincinnati.

“Yes,” he said, “yet, while I have not changed my opinions, no one to-day knows from anything the man from Greystone has said what Tilden did want. Anyway, he got the candidate he didn’t want.”

This is a part of history that never will be written. Mr. Tilden maintained silence to the end, and took no one into his confidence. The question as to

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

whether or not the Sage of Greystone was a candidate in 1880 will never be settled until all who participated in the events of that time are dead. And then, the letter, which Mr. Bigelow has embalmed in print, will stand for what it purported to be. Mr. Manning said to the writer toward the close of his life:

“Your question cannot be answered by me. I think Mr. Tilden’s ambition led him to desire the nomination, but he acquiesced in the result as the better end, in view of the consideration that he was physically unfit to undergo the turmoil of another campaign. And that was the opinion of his best friends prior to the meeting of the convention.”

END OF THE BLOODY SHIRT ISSUE



NE morning about the middle of September, 1880, James G. Blaine entered the office of Colonel Hooker, assistant secretary of the Republican National Committee. His manner was characteristically buoyant and energetic. Dwight W. Sabin of Minnesota, chairman of the committee, was in conversation with Colonel Hooker.

Without a preliminary salutation, Mr. Blaine cried out:

"Sabin, you want to fold up the bloody shirt and lay it away. It's of no use to us. You want to shift the main issue to protection. Those foolish five words of the Democratic platform, 'A tariff for revenue only,' give you the chance."

Colonel Hooker endeavored to check the man of Maine by pointing to where I was sitting at the other end of the room waiting an opportunity to talk with the assistant secretary. But Mr. Blaine was too intent on his purpose to heed the gesture. Mr. Sabin grasped the situation and met it by slipping his arm in that of Mr. Blaine and leading him into the adjoining room.

Evidently Mr. Blaine had just arrived in New York from Maine, where early in the week the Republican party had sustained its first reverse in a long number of years. In those years the state election was held in September in Maine. In Presidential years the state elections of Maine, in Sep-

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

tember, and the October elections in Ohio and Indiana were watched with great eagerness by all politicians as indicating the result in November in the whole country. By a combination of the Democrats with the Greenbackers in Maine, the Democratic candidate for governor, Plaisted, had been elected. It was not much of a victory for the Democrats, but it was significant as showing that the Republican party of that state held but a minority of the whole vote. For its effect on the Presidential election in the following November the main issue of the state election had been made "the bloody shirt." Apparently it had lost its influence. That which the advocates of General Hancock's nomination had predicted had come to pass. It was folly to continue to charge the Southern Democrats with still maintaining a rebellious spirit and the Northern Democrats with sympathy for that spirit when both were earnestly supporting a distinguished general officer of the Northern army.

This was the lesson that Mr. Blaine had drawn from the election in his state. Constructive politician as he was, on recognizing the necessity for the abandonment of the time-worn and now useless issue, he had formulated the one which, in his judgment, must be substituted for it. Therefore, he had hastened to New York to put it into effect. And immediately upon his arrival he had stated in a few sentences the whole of his idea. Doubtless before he won the party leaders to an entire acquiescence he had had to make much argument, but in an incredibly short time there was an astonishing change of front. On a given day the "spellbinders" all over the country stopped the waving of the bloody shirt

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

and sang the virtues of protection, while the literary bureau became a veritable manufactory of protection literature.

The Democrats were dazed by the rapid change of front. The leaders were prepared to meet the charge of disloyalty to the flag, and aggressively to advance the cause of "Fraud First Triumphant"; but they were embarrassed as to the tariff question. There were leaders, notably Randall of Pennsylvania, who were protection Democrats, and they were potent in the councils of the party. As a matter of fact they did not meet it, but let the Republicans have all the argument to themselves. The only one who did say anything was the candidate, Hancock, and his utterance that "the tariff was a local question" was received with shouts of laughter. The leaders pegged away on "Fraud First Triumphant."

The enemies of Tilden within the party pointed out that the direction of the campaign was in the hands of the Tilden men and that Tilden, who had never wanted Hancock, was quite content to have things as they were.

Whether this change of front took Garfield out of defeat into victory is yet an open question. It doubtless contributed to his success, but there are Democrats who charge Hancock's defeat to the treachery of Tammany Hall under the leadership of John Kelly. It is a fact that New York City, now Manhattan and the Bronx, which had four years previously given Tilden 54,000 plurality, gave Hancock in 1880 but 38,000. And there were Republicans who insisted that the State of New York was carried for Garfield only after Conkling, who had



JAMES A. GARFIELD

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

been sulking in his tent, had made his visit to Mentor, and had come to an understanding with the candidate, Garfield. After that time the Republican machine got to work in its efficient way. Probably it was the sum of all these influences that brought about the change of conditions.

Out of these conditions came a more momentous thing than the election of a President, and that was the assassination of a President. The seeds of division were planted in the month of October. Those who were in the confidence of Conkling have always insisted that the Senator on his visit to Mentor had received the assurances that he and his senatorial colleague, Platt, would be consulted in the distribution of the Federal patronage of New York. There is no doubt that the wheels of the Republican machine began to turn under the impulse of the understanding that such assurance had been given.

If there was one man in the State of New York who was cordially hated by Conkling, it was Robertson, the man who had broken his supreme power over the Republican party of New York. Yet Robertson was the man Garfield named for the important post of collector of the Port of New York. Garfield redeemed a promise made to Robertson, or to Robertson's friends, in Chicago, when Robertson had been denied the Vice Presidential nomination in order to placate the Conkling element. Robertson once told me that, during the previous winter, he had been offered his choice of the position or one in the Cabinet, and that he had preferred the New York Customs House.

The appointment at all events was taken as a violation of the pledge to Conkling that he was to be

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

consulted. Conkling and Platt resigned their seats in the United States Senate as a protest against what they called the treachery of the President. This act had a deeper meaning than an ill-timed, ill-considered petulance, as some historians have described it. The New York Legislature was in session at the time and it was intended to appeal to that Legislature for re-election and to go back to the Senate with the indorsement of New York as a rebuke to the President. The plan had been carefully prepared.

The statutes, both State and Federal, provided that a vacancy occurring in the representation of the state in the United States Senate, the Legislature being in regular session, it should meet in joint session to fill it, on the first Tuesday after the declaration of the existence of a vacancy.

In this case of resignations, two vacancies were to be declared through the notification of the two houses of the Legislature by the Governor. The plan was that the Governor, who was Cornell, presumably, at least, a friend of Conkling, should notify the two houses of the Legislature on Monday night. Therefore the Legislature must meet in joint session the next day, when the re-election of Conkling and Platt was confidently expected.

Doubtless this would have been the result had the plan been carried out. What seemed to be a trivial thing defeated it. To a perfect understanding it should be understood that official notice to the Legislature was only complete when each house had been severally notified. If Governor Cornell had used two secretaries or messengers, sending one to each house at the same moment, the success of the

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

plan would have been complete. But he did not. He used one messenger who went to the Assembly first and delivered his message.

As the hour of 8 was reached Senator Sessions ran up the steps of the desk of the Senate and seizing the gavel hit the desk a resounding whack and, tossing to the clerk a paper, in rapid utterance reeled off the following:

"The President pro tem has designated me to call the Senate to order; the Senate will be in order; prayers will be dispensed with; reading of the minutes will be dispensed with; the Senator of the Twenty-fifth moves that the Senate does now adjourn; those in favor will say aye; those opposed nay; the ayes have it; the motion is carried and the Senate stands adjourned until to-morrow at 10 o'clock."

As he ran down the steps of the desk, crying with a laughing jeer to Senator Strahan, the Conkling leader, who had been vainly calling for recognition, that he would recognize him the next morning, the messenger of the Governor entered the chamber, after having carried the Executive's notification to the Assembly. But he was too late. The Senate had been adjourned. Notice of the resignations of the two senators to the Legislature could not be completed until the following day.

As a consequence there could be no joint session of the Legislature for the election of United States Senators for one week. Could notice have been completed and the joint session held the next day, Conkling and Platt would, unquestionably, have been returned to the United States Senate. There was opposition, but it was disorganized; it did not know

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

its own strength; there were undeclared quantities, and, indeed, it had no candidates to put in nomination. The delay of a week gave the opposition an opportunity to organize and get into fighting trim. In the week following the opposition, "half-breeds," as they were called, did organize, with the result of preventing an election and the long drawn out session of the Legislature was begun.

Out of the shrewd trick, executed by the "slickest" man who ever sat in the State Senate, came consequences of the most momentous nature—the defeat of Conkling and his loss of leadership and disappearance from public life; the split in the dominant party of the state, with the establishment of two hostile camps more bitter against each other than against the common enemy; the extension of that internecine war to other states; the arousal of passions to a degree hitherto unknown in the North; the assassination of a President; the mounting to power in the nation through the elevation of Arthur to the Presidency of the faction that but a few months before had been rejected, with increased bitterness as a consequence; the loss of control by the Republican party of the nation, and, finally, the election of a Democratic President, in the person of Cleveland, for the first time in a quarter of a century. All the consequence of a "slick" trick.

MAKING SENATORS AT ALBANY



HE 1881 session of the Legislature was notable, if for nothing else, for the reason that before it adjourned it elected three United States Senators.

“Three United States Senators to be elected in a single session and I not a member of the Legislature,” wailed “Jake” Worth of Brooklyn as he recalled the time of the Morgan-Fenton fight for the senatorship when he was a member.

But the session was notable for other things—for its length, which extended to July 24; for its deadlock over the election of successors to Conkling and Platt, which continued two months; for the scandals of the Bradley-Sessions bribery case; for “the stepladder” incident and the presence of the Vice President of the United States, lobbying like any political henchman for the candidates of a faction; for the fierce passions it engendered from which came the assassination of a President; for the rupture it caused in the dominant party of the state and nation, bringing in its train the ruin of men and the wreck of reputations.

During the two months of this deadlock the political interest of the country centered in Albany. Day after day the Legislature complied with the requirements of the law, and meeting in joint session at the Capitol at noon, cast one ballot, and after the declaration of no election, adjourned to the next

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

day. It was the case of the King of France who marched up the hill and then marched down again. But if there was little doing at the Capitol, there was much being done under the hill. Apart from the organized work, pursued by both sides, of seeking out wavering persons and bringing to bear on them all the influences to which they might be subject and the temptations to which they might be prone, all sorts of intrigues were being formulated and executed.

There was one intrigue in particular by which it was proposed that one Republican and one Democratic candidate should be elected. It was on the eve of successful execution when it was defeated by the national calamity occurring July 2 of that year. The history of this intrigue was never written, one reason being that it was never of common knowledge until after the stunning shock of Garfield's assassination had absorbed interest from lesser news topics.

The first inkling I had of this matter was on the day of the assassination of Garfield. I carried the news to Senator Jacobs of Brooklyn, the Democratic leader in the Legislature, in his room at the Kenmore, in Albany. After a few brief questions as to details, Jacobs sat silent for some time and then said to my great surprise, "Then that ends my chance of being United States Senator."

It was some time after that I learned from the lips of Jacobs himself the story of the intrigue—a story, the confirmation of which was subsequently obtained from Senator Wagner, who, in January of the next year, was killed in the Spuyten Duyvil accident.

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

John C. Jacobs, undeniably, was a man of large influence in the Legislature. His acute and adroit mind made him a conspicuous figure in the Senate, while certain personal qualities gave him popularity and strength with the other side of the political house. Though startled by the proposition of his candidacy, his colleagues made no objections, and by the process of the caucus he was made the party choice. But if there was no objection within the Legislature there was without. It was declared that he was ineligible under the State Constitution. Section 7 of Article III of the State Constitution was quoted to sustain the position:

“No member of the Legislature shall receive any civil appointment within this state, or the Senate of the United States, from the Governor, the Governor and the Senate, or from the Legislature or from any city government, during the time for which he shall have been elected; and all such appointments and all votes given for any such member for any such office or appointment shall be void.”

Jacobs was a member of the Legislature and it seemed as if it were foolish to vote for him since all such votes must be null and void. I went to Jacobs himself with the constitutional prohibition, but all the reply I could get from him was a laugh and the remark that it seemed to be a case where the State Constitution did not apply.

Then I hunted up Judge Robertson, who was the chairman of the Senate judiciary committee and a lawyer of standing, and submitted the section to him.

“This is a section of the Constitution which has

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

suggested a great deal of discussion," said Robertson. "By many good constitutional lawyers it is believed to be null and void so far as it relates to persons voted for for the United States Senate. It is, in their contention, for the Federal Constitution to define the requirements for membership in the Federal Senate. These are that the person chosen shall be 30 years of age, a citizen for nine years and an inhabitant of the state from which he is chosen; and, therefore, for any other power to demand other qualifications in addition is to conflict with the Constitution of the United States, especially as, in addition, the Federal Constitution makes the United States Senate a judge, and the sole judge, of the qualifications of its members. I do not say that this is the right view, nor will I say that it is the wrong one."

"But, judge," I persisted, "before a member of the Legislature can take his seat he must take an oath to support the Constitution of the state, and that practically forbids a legislator to cast a vote for a member of the Legislature for another place."

"If you will look over the oath prescribed by the State Constitution," replied the judge, "you will see that not only must the legislative member take an oath to support the Constitution of the United States, but that it is made a requisite prior to that of support of the State Constitution. Now it is contended that if a conflict is established the Federal Constitution must prevail. However, as I do not intend to vote for a member of the Legislature, and, so far as I am at present informed, none of my Republican colleagues proposes to do so, we can safely let our Democratic friends who are voting

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

for a member of the Legislature wrestle with the question."

"You're not voting for a member of the Legislature, Judge?" cried one who was sitting by a listener. "How about Depew? You're voting for him every day and he's a member of the Third House."

My great constitutional inquiry broke up in a laugh. The stroke of the listener might be supposed to be a vicious drive at Depew, but it was not intended nor so taken. Mr. Depew was at the time the general counsel of the Central Railroad system, and as such his duties led him frequently to Albany to appear before the committees. He was a member of the Third House, as the lobby was called.

The incident related had a bearing on the intrigue spoken of. About the middle of June a stage was reached when the contending factions were really deadlocked. Neither could make progress and each was strong enough to prevent a majority vote for any one. In this juncture Senator Wagner and Senator Jacobs made a compact. If the latter would deliver the Democratic vote for Depew, Wagner would deliver enough half-breed votes to elect Jacobs.

It was a difficult undertaking, as these two experienced politicians well realized, and one requiring the utmost secrecy in execution. It was well under way before anyone knew that it was running. The work consisted of appealing to, persuading and securing the pledge of individual legislators and swearing them to secrecy. Party leaders outside of the Legislature were not consulted. It is doubtful if Depew had knowledge of what was going for-

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

ward. Judge Robertson had been in a doubtful frame of mind in the beginning, but had acquiesced by giving Wagner a free rein in the matter.

On the first day of July Jacobs reported that he had a good deal more than a majority of the Democratic caucus pledged to the execution of the intrigue, and Wagner demonstrated that he could deliver a sufficient number of Republican votes to make a majority of all the votes. All that remained to do was to select the day for the final stroke. The first of July was on a Friday. It was determined that the Democratic caucus should be called for Monday night, the election to take place the next day.

The next morning, Saturday, July 2, Garfield was assassinated. Everything was in confusion. Would Garfield die? Were he to do so, Arthur would be the President, and the Stalwarts would be in power again. There were kaleidoscopic-like changes. Pledges were thrown to the winds and men changed from one side to the other, until it was impossible to tell how matters stood. The intrigue went to pieces in the calamity.

Jacobs had a strange political career. He was not of the caliber, mentally, morally or politically, that would have justified a great political party in presenting him as a candidate for the higher gifts of the people. Yet he barely escaped being a United States senator, as described above. Two years previously he had been declared the nominee for Governor by the Democratic convention, declining the nomination under the direction of the leader of his home party, who was pledged to another candidate, and determined to drive John Kelly and Tammany Hall out of the party.

THE CONKLING-ARTHUR QUARREL AND
THE RISE OF BLAINE

URING four years, between 1880, when Garfield was elected, and 1884, when Blaine was defeated, Mr. Blaine was the dominating personality of the Republican party. For the few years immediately preceding that period, Blaine and Conkling, in bitter rivalry and intense enmity, had centered all attention upon themselves and were the leaders of their respective factions.

All other leaders, no matter what their positions or their aspirations, were subordinate to these two and in the divisions of the party they were forced to ally themselves with one or the other.

When, however, in 1881, Senator Conkling was defeated in his effort to be returned to the Senate, he accepted the defeat as closing his political career. Declining to participate in politics in any way he began the practice of law in New York City.

No single person stepped forward to take the place Conkling had vacated and Blaine immediately went up to the single leadership of the party, though he had retired from the Secretaryship of State when Arthur took the presidential chair.

The above is the way the history of the time is written, but I am inclined to the belief that Senator Conkling did not retire from politics so much by reason of his defeat as because he had discovered that Arthur, as President, would not be a weak instrument in his hands as Conkling had immediately

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

assumed he would be. The real reason was a violent quarrel between the two because Arthur refused, in the excited state of the country after the assassination of Garfield, to take immediate advantage of the situation for the advancement of the Stalwart cause. A demand to do this was made upon him by Conkling.

I was on terms of confidential intimacy with John O'Brien, a famous Republican district leader in the New York of that day. Having had a hint of the quarrel between the two men, I sought O'Brien for information.

O'Brien was a shrewd, keen witted Irishman, of great common sense, who had converted, by tact and ability, a strong Democratic district on the East Side into a Republican stronghold. He was a man on whose judgment, in matters political, Arthur greatly relied. He was warmly devoted to Arthur while bowing to the leadership of Conkling.

O'Brien was disturbed by my questions, but after some hesitation finally said:

"It is one of those things that is bound to come out. There's been a quarrel all right, and I don't see why I shouldn't tell you what I know. But I don't want to be known as the one giving it currency. Just as like as not the Senator himself will give it out the first time he gets into a hot talk on the situation. The break is a bad one and is not going to be healed up. The President is right. He isn't 'Chet' Arthur any more; he's the President."

"But what was the exact cause of the quarrel?"

"Oh, the quarrel. Well, you see, 'Chet' was greatly shocked by the assassination, and while Garfield lay wounded, struggling for life, 'Chet' got

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

right out of the political fight. Said it wasn't decent for him, when he might be called upon any time to be President, to be found in a factional quarrel."

"But Conkling didn't quarrel over that?"

"No, that wasn't the cause of the quarrel. You see, when Garfield did die and Arthur went into the White House, he was greatly sobered by the immense responsibility. He said to me that the American people would never have chosen him if it had been thought that he would reach the Presidency, and so it was for him to show that he was worthy. The only way was for him to be the President of the whole people and nobody's servant."

"Well, Conkling didn't quarrel over that, did he?"

"No, not over that. You see, 'Chet' doesn't say much about that part of it. He's very bitter over the demand made on him and he doesn't like to talk about it. But you put it down for a fact that 'Conk' wanted 'Chet' to remove Robertson and appoint one of our fellows collector."

"Impossible!"

"I'm not saying that 'Chet' says so, but I'm guessing close—close enough to be right. What 'Chet' says is that the demand was outrageous and that he got mad over it and told 'Conk' what he thought of it; and 'Conk' got mad because 'Chet' did. Anyhow, we're all of us in the soup, and 'Conk' has got out swearing that all of his friends have turned traitor to him."

But if Conkling took himself out of politics, Blaine did not. Out of office and having no official duties to absorb his time, he devoted himself to lay-

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

ing plans for the campaign of 1884, in which he meant to be the Republican candidate. He lived in Washington during the sessions of Congress, a conspicuous figure, consulted by the leaders and giving public utterance of opinions on important topics.

Blaine was a man of great magnetism. An admirer once said of him: "He is irresistible. I defy anyone, Republican or Democrat, to be in his company half an hour and go away from him anything else than a personal friend." He had a breezy, buoyant manner that was most engaging. Ostensibly frank in his intercourse with all whom he came in contact, a subsequent examination of what had been said would yet show that discretion had governed every remark. It was the same quality possessed in such high degree by Chauncey M. Depew. He was approachable, and once he said to a friend who criticised him for throwing himself open to the approach of newspapermen:

"Oh, I'm one of them myself, and I like the breed of dogs. Besides, it's a better thing to have the boys who write about you dip their pens in the ink of friendship than in that of gall."

One of his extraordinary qualities was his astonishing memory for names and faces. During the famous electoral count of 1876 the writer, with a number of other newspaper men, called daily, for several days, on Mr. Blaine. In these visits nothing occurred to individualize any one of the newspaper men to Mr. Blaine. He talked to them collectively. But he learned the names of them all. Years passed by—six years, at least. During that time I did not come in contact with the man from Maine.

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

One morning, in the summer of 1882, I crossed the floor of the office of the United States Hotel, in Saratoga, on my way to the writing room. At the mail desk stood Governor Cornell and Mr. Blaine in conversation. As I passed, not supposing that Mr. Blaine recognized me, I saluted Governor Cornell only. Mr. Blaine, putting out his hand and calling me by name, said: "What have I done that I should be passed by without a salutation?"

Having seen me only in a crowd, he recalled me after the lapse of six years!

In October of 1876 I was in Ohio, looking over the political situation. Chance found me in a town in which Mr. Blaine was to speak. I had come into friendly relations with the chairman of the county committee having the meeting in charge, and by him was invited to a seat on the platform to hear Mr. Blaine's speech. Going to the chairman's room by agreement, I saw Mr. Blaine there. To Mr. Blaine the chairman was saying:

"It is customary when a distinguished Republican visits us to have a reception after the speech. I hope you will submit. And, Mr. Blaine, there will be a man present who is somewhat off—dissatisfied. He's a man of influence among his neighbors and controls many votes. Be especially nice to him. His name is—"

"All right," exclaimed Blaine. "But tell me something about him. Has he any special interest you can touch him on?"

"He's got a breeding farm and a colt that he thinks is going to be a wonder."

"That's enough," said Blaine, as he went out of the room.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

That night, at the reception, the man in question presented himself. Blaine got the signal and became solicitous as to the promise of that colt to the extreme pleasure of the breeder. Four years rolled away and again Blaine, for speaking purposes, and the writer, for reporting purposes, were in the same town. Again I went to the meeting, for I never missed an opportunity to listen to Blaine. The owner of the colt was in the audience near the platform. In the middle of his speech, Blaine caught sight of the breeder.

"Why," he exclaimed, "there's my old friend
—. How did that colt turn out?"

"He's a wonder," shouted back the breeder, wriggling with delight, as Blaine went on with his speech.

Four years, and he recalled the name on the instant! One must wonder the sort of mind it is that can recall names, faces and trivial instances, when it is burdened by weighty concerns of politics and government.



GROVER CLEVELAND

THE EMERGENCE OF GROVER CLEVELAND



N 1881 there arose in Buffalo a man who, by the vigor and strength of his administration of the mayoralty, attracted the notice of those who were paying especial attention to political affairs in this state. This was Grover Cleveland. Prior to that year Buffalo had been for some time in the grasp of an interlaced ring made up of the worst elements of the two parties. The machines of the two parties were under its control and the municipal government at its mercy. Representatives of the Republican better element told representatives of the better element in the Democracy that if they could secure the nomination of Grover Cleveland by the Democratic convention he would receive a support from the Republicans that would surprise them. The effort was made and Cleveland, who had given a reluctant consent, was nominated. The Republican machine was not disturbed, for it expected to poll the full Republican strength for its candidate, who was a machine man, and receive aid from the Democratic machine. The result at the election was a surprise.

Immediately on taking office as Mayor, Cleveland revealed those qualities of independence and courage which later became so well known to the whole country. Erie County and the counties which might be described as tributary to Buffalo were delighted and the praises of Cleveland were loudly

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

sounded. Yet the noise made did not reach the eastern end of the state.

But, as September of 1882 was reached, Democratic leaders learned that Buffalo was prepared to offer its Mayor as a candidate for the nomination for Governor, and that its pretensions were supported by the counties making up the Eighth Judicial District. That meant that Mr. Cleveland would have the support of about fifty delegates, a very nice nucleus in a whole number of 384, the remainder being divided among half a dozen aspirants with no one of them showing anything like the 193 necessary to a choice. The rest of the state began to sit up and take notice.

I was sent to Buffalo to look over the situation and the new aspirant. But before I went to Buffalo I was instructed to make a tour of the state and an examination of the political conditions. This is why I reached Buffalo with positive opinions.

The late Charles McCune, then proprietor of the Buffalo Courier, took me to see Mr. Cleveland in his law office. There was also present at the time the late Wilson S. Bissell, Mr. Cleveland's law partner. Mr. McCune, who knew that I had been touring the state, led me to talk of the political conditions existing, and to give the sum of my conclusions. And these conclusions were that in view of the strong fight between Roswell P. Flower and General Slocum of Kings for delegates and the Democratic divisions in New York City there would be a large chance for the nomination of a third candidate who had a substantial body of support, if he kept aloof from contests and divisions, for then he would be available when the inevitable

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

break came as a rallying point to which all could turn.

Mr. Cleveland during the time of the call was a listener, having little to say. But, as I was about to leave, he asked me to ride with him the next afternoon, naming the hour.

We had not been riding long when Mr. Cleveland said:

"I don't believe that the fellows in the east will let Buffalo have the Governor, although I was much struck by your 'lay out' of the political situation yesterday."

The use of the two words quoted caught my attention, and I wondered if the man beside me was a faro player, a suspicion, if it was a suspicion, that I subsequently learned was without basis, for Mr. Cleveland was not in any sense of the word a gambler. However, I promptly expressed the thought that was strong within me:

"Mr. Cleveland, you will be the nominee of the Syracuse convention. I can see no other outcome of the situation."

The Mayor of Buffalo turned with that stern look upon his face which he always assumed when his own strong convictions were opposed. But he soon withdrew it and was silent for some time. Then he said:

"Some time ago my mother, who lived down at Holland Patent in Oneida County, was taken seriously ill. She is dead now. I was sent for. Laying everything aside, I hastened to her and remained with her to the end. When all was over and she was laid away, I returned to Buffalo to find that in my absence the boys had started a campaign for me

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

for Governor. It had such an impetus that it was difficult to stop it. I did not attempt to stop it, not because I believed then, or do now believe, that it is possible to secure that nomination, but because I thought and do now think that it would help me in the direction of the only political ambition I ever had. There are two vacancies on the Supreme Court bench of this district—one by death and one by addition to the number through constitutional amendment. There is not a Democrat on the bench in this district and there cannot be by party choice. But there is a strong disposition on the part of the Republican members of the bar of the district to give a minority representation on it. I want that place. Experience in the mayoralty office has not put me in love with executive administration."

Then after a brief hesitation he added:

"To say this to you is why I asked you to ride with me."

To this I replied:

"Well, Mr. Mayor, when a man plunges into the political stream he soon becomes subject to its current. My outlook is that the current will land you in the nomination. And with that I shall not be in such support of you as I can give, for duty, affiliation, and, perhaps, inclination, send me to the support of Slocum."

"That's all right," heartily replied Mr. Cleveland, "but your compulsion does not seem to have clouded your judgment."

At the convention the following month exactly what had been foreshadowed in these conversations took place. The majority divided among at least four other candidates, unable to combine on either,

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

finally turned to the one who, with the greatest strength stood aloof from the contests and the divisions.

After the smoke of the conventions cleared away the effect of the trickery by which the control of the Republican convention was obtained and the nomination of Folger secured became apparent to the degree of greatly raising the hopes of the Cleveland advocates.

I was sent to make a tour of the state and examine and report upon conditions. Reaching the interior, I was soon aware of a peculiar state of things most difficult to measure or appraise. Opposition to Folger because of the way of his nomination was apparent, but the degree of it was hard to estimate. There was no organization of this hostile sentiment, no public expression of it; indeed, those who were resenting the fact were reserved and guarded. This reticence finally became the mark of the bolter. I began to dig for my information. Obtaining an approach to one supposed to be "off" I came on a curious fact. The man approached would not admit that he was "off," but he would glibly tell of neighbors whom he knew were determined not to vote at all. By pursuing this process diligently I was enabled to arrive at a conclusion that led me to my last successful prediction of that fortunate year. I predicted a plurality for Cleveland approaching 200,000, something unheard of in those years.

Having concluded my tour of the state at Albany, I called on Daniel Manning, the state leader of the Democrats, and expressed to him the conviction that those enormous figures would be reached.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

Mr. Manning laughed derisively and said:

"You're wild—a fit subject for the lunatic asylum. If we get 50,000 we'll be happy."

On reaching New York, Daniel S. Lamont, who was secretary of the state committee, told me that the canvass sheets showed 125,000 for Cleveland and added:

"That's too great. It is impossible. People have lost their heads. It can't reach a hundred thousand."

The exact figures were 192,854.

After the election I called again on Mr. Cleveland, in his law office in Buffalo. The extraordinary result became the topic of conversation.

"It is an astonishing vote of confidence," said Mr. Cleveland. "The responsibility is great. I shrink from it. I doubt my capacity. I doubt my knowledge. But I mean to go down to Albany and do, with God's help, the best there is in me for the people of the state."

And he brought his ponderous first down on his desk with a blow that made the room tremble.

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

HOW TO GET RID OF UNDESIRABLES



FEW days before the inauguration of Grover Cleveland as Governor, former Lieutenant Governor William Dorsheimer said to me:

"Cleveland does not want to occupy the Executive Mansion. He thought he could establish himself at one of the hotels and live the same bachelor life as in Buffalo. It would have been a tremendous error. A number of us—strong friends of his—got at him in protest. We told him that he would offend the sense of the people of the state, who had provided for their Chief Executive an official residence and who desired to see the man they had honored hedged about with the dignity which is part of his great office. And also on the ground of expediency we showed him that it would be a mistake, for he would be overwhelmed in the easy approach hotel life would afford. He has yielded and will occupy the Mansion, but I think the argument of expediency, rather than the other, swayed him. His desire to go to a hotel is an evidence of the simplicity of his mind; of his opinion of the office as a place in which difficult public duty is to be performed, in utter disregard of the trappings and glory of the office; and also of his democracy, which makes him look on all official places as positions of trusteeship for the whole people."

That democracy which Dorsheimer thought was inherent in the man was shown immediately on tak-

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

ing office. He threw open the doors of the Executive Chamber, and the public was at liberty to wander about, with or without business, and to approach him without the intermediary services of a secretary or a clerk. One day in the early part of the Cleveland administration I stood with the Lieutenant Governor, David B. Hill, at the door of the Executive Chamber watching the people thronging the room, not more than one or two of them having any real business there.

"It's a town meeting," said the Lieutenant Governor. "The Governor might just as well place his desk on the grass in front of the Capitol. He would not be any more easy of approach than he is now and he would have the advantage of the fresh air which is denied him by the presence of all these people. All of this is a waste of energy—a strain which will tell even on his powerful physique. It must be stopped."

It was stopped in due course of time, and it was stopped by the Governor himself and no one else when he realized how much of the time he needed for the business of his office was taken up by the idly curious. Yet, during all of the time Cleveland was Governor, access to him was easy.

On the night before his inauguration as Governor he was in possession of the Executive Mansion, Governor Cornell having courteously vacated it for him. The retiring Governor called on the incoming Governor to give him such assistance as he could. During the course of the evening Governor Cornell asked Governor-elect Cleveland as to the person who was to be his private secretary.

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

"Oh," replied Cleveland, "I haven't appointed anyone yet. That is a matter that can wait."

"Ah," returned Cornell, "you are in the same position precisely that I was in three years ago to-night. You must appoint your private secretary to-night or early to-morrow morning. Certain duties which must be discharged on the first day of your administration are devolved by law on your private secretary and can be performed by no one else."

The new Governor was incredulous, but the truth of Governor Cornell's position and the necessity for action were soon demonstrated. Daniel S. Lamont had already been appointed military secretary. Taking counsel of his friends who were present, Cleveland called Lamont to him and telling him of the situation, said: "You will have to serve in both positions, but will draw only the salary of one—that of private secretary."

This was a part of what he used to call Cleveland's luck. He never was served so well as he was when compulsion drove him to the appointment of Lamont. The latter was a heaven-born secretary. He was equipped with the sort of knowledge so necessary to the Governor and had a wide acquaintance with the men and things of the state. Also, he was able, shrewd, secretive, loyal to the interests he espoused and possessed infinite tact. Lamont became indispensable to Cleveland.

The Governor was not an easy man to handle. When he had arrived at a conclusion he was most difficult to move. Opposition was of little use—it seemed to confirm him in his course. He was not a good judge of men and was apt to select the wrong

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

instruments. Lamont soon learned that the wrong way to deal with him was to combat him, and his course with him was largely that of indirection.

On one occasion Governor Cleveland said to me:

"Lamont is a wonderful man. I never saw his like. He has no friends to gratify or reward and no enemies to punish."

To those who were admitted to the intimacy of the Executive Chamber Lamont's methods were a source of much amusement. Here is an instance. There was a vacancy in the office of State Superintendent of Salt Springs in Syracuse. There were several aspirants. Delegations were journeying to the Capitol in support of one or the other.

There came a delegation on behalf of an aspirant who was not of either party. The spokesman was a man of pleasant appearance, engaging manners and fluent speech. Nevertheless he was an undesirable citizen, unreliable in habits and practice, not guided by the rules of morality. Cleveland, knowing nothing as to his reputation, took an enormous fancy to him, preferring him to the man whose claims the delegation had advocated and after the delegation had gone, made it clear to Lamont that he had made his choice for the place. Lamont became alarmed. He realized that it would be a blunder of great dimensions. To combat the idea would be to confirm the Governor in his intention. The private secretary went at the problem in a diplomatic manner. He sought the aid of the Lieutenant Governor. The aid came in the presence of Mr. Hill in the Executive Chamber that after-

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

noon, after the doors were closed to the public. This little drama was enacted:

HOW TO DISPOSE OF AN UNDESIRABLE

By Daniel Scott Lamont.

CAST:

The Governor of the State.....Grover Cleveland
The Lieutenant Governor.....David B. Hill
The Private Secretary.....Daniel S. Lamont
The AudienceMyself
Scene: Executive Chamber, in the Capitol of the State.

Discovered: The Governor of the State busily engaged at his desk, facing the south. His Private Secretary, busily engaged at his desk, in the immediate rear, facing the north.

(Enter the Lieutenant Governor, and crossing to the executive desks.)

Hill—Good afternoon, Governor. Public business seems to weigh heavily on you to-day.

Cleveland—Yes, quite busy. Since you are here, the Senate is not in session?

Hill—No; adjourned until to-morrow. (To the Private Secretary:) Good afternoon, Dan. I see your old friend, So and So, from Syracuse, was here to-day.

Lamont—Yes; he was here.

Hill—Was he sober?

(Cleveland suspends work and partly turns to listen.)

Lamont—Seemed to be.

Hill—How did he get here?

Lamont—Like the rest, I suppose—by the cars.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

Hill—But to ride on the cars requires money.
Who'd he borrow it from?

Lamont—I don't know. Some stranger to Syracuse, I suppose.

Hill—Did he go away sober?

Lamont—I don't know; didn't see him after he left here.

Hill—How did he get back? Didn't borrow money from you, did he?

Lamont—Oh, no; I kept out of his way.

(Cleveland turns to his desk, with a grumble.)

. CURTAIN.

An entirely different man was finally appointed.

Lamont rarely attempted to bring his personal influence to bear on the Governor when he thought Mr. Cleveland should be dissuaded from a purpose; but it was his practice to select for the effort some person who, he thought, was in the Governor's good books. On one occasion he chose me, and sent me to the Executive Mansion, where the Governor was laid up with an attack of inflammatory rheumatism. The Governor had determined to veto a measure which Lamont desired him to sign. It was not a matter of great concern, but Lamont thought that by the approval of the bill a political point for Cleveland would be made in the movement, just started without the Governor's knowledge, to advance the cause of Cleveland's nomination for the Presidency. Cleveland suspected that politics was at the bottom of the matter, and that was sufficient to head him the other way.

The Governor was not in the sweetest humor, because of the pain he suffered; and, as I proceeded

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

with such argument as I had, his face hardened. Finally he lifted his arm and said, in the sternest tones:

“I shall veto that bill.”

He brought his arm down in emphasis, and in doing so struck the knee that was torturing him. The atmosphere of the room became too hot for me to pursue my mission, and I abandoned it in a hasty exit.

A week later, when the bill had been killed, the Governor, with his eyes twinkling with suppressed humor, said to me:

“I don’t think I heard the end of your argument the other day in favor of that bill—the one Dan was interested in.”

THEODORE ROOSEVELT IN THE
MAKING

HERE came up from the Twenty-first Assembly District of New York County, in the year 1882, to a seat in the lower House of the Legislature, a young man 23 years old, who immediately took a conspicuous position. The young man was Theodore Roosevelt.

He came to the same hotel at which I lived and occupied a seat at the table in the restaurant, at the head of which, by virtue of long years of possession, I had a seat. The others at the table were young men from New York City, serving in either House of the Legislature, friends of Roosevelt, most of whom if not all, of the same walk of life. These bright fellows, bubbling over with youth, energy and ambition, made the meal hours gay.

And to these gatherings Mr. Roosevelt brought all those qualities which have since been impressed upon the country, indeed on the civilized world—a strong personality, abundant vigor, great energy of mind, a combative positiveness, whether right or wrong, and intense interest in all that concerned humanity.

It was Roosevelt's habit to come into the breakfast room with a rush, copies of all the morning papers he could lay his hands on under his arm, and, seating himself, to go through those papers with a rapidity that would have excited the jealousy of the most rapid exchange editor. He threw each paper,

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

as he finished it, on the floor, unfolded, until at the end there was, on either side of him, a pile of loose papers as high as the table for the servants to clear away. And all this time he would be taking part in the running conversation of the table. Had anyone supposed that this inspection of the papers was superficial, he would have been sadly mistaken. Roosevelt saw everything, grasped the sense of everything and formed an opinion on everything which he was eager to maintain at any risk.

In the first year of his service in the Assembly he was frequently called the "Scotch Terrier," and it is to be admitted that in those years there was a strong suggestion of that pugnacious and courageous breed in his appearance and manner. In debate he stood at his seat, snapping and barking out his pregnant sentences, caring little whom he attacked, so long as he believed himself to be right. His democracy and his aggressive defense of the public against the abuses of combined wealth were as marked when he was in the Assembly, at 23 or 24 years of age, as in later years, when he sat in the White House. I have a vivid recollection of a speech delivered by him in the Assembly when he denounced the "guilty rich" and the "criminal rich."

Thus it was that I was able to observe, at short range, a great man in the making. And I recall with no little satisfaction that in those days, when Roosevelt was under discussion by his companions, as he frequently was, my invariable prediction was that "Teddy" would yet be heard from in the upper regions of politics.

Recently I have read, as the conclusion of a

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

writer obviously affected by the revealed greatness of Mr. Roosevelt, that Roosevelt exercised a commanding influence over Cleveland during the two years the latter was Governor. Nothing could be farther from the truth. In their intellectual constitutions and their mental habits and processes they were diametrically opposite. Cleveland arrived at his conclusions through laborious thought; there was nothing inspirational about him. The natural tendencies of his mind were confirmed into habit by the practice of the law. Roosevelt, in those years at least, seemed to be wholly inspirational. His mental processes were so rapid that he apparently reached his conclusions instantaneously, and he seemed to be surprised when his opinions were not taken at his own valuation of them. Indeed, in being opposed, he seemed to take as a personal grievance the necessity of offering argument in support of his determinations.

Roosevelt was a frequent caller on the Governor, but not more so than other members of his party in the Assembly. To Cleveland, Roosevelt was a perplexity. The Governor liked the Assemblyman personally, but the latter's peculiar mental attitude bothered the executive. The Governor would sit large, solid and phlegmatic, listening gravely to the energetic utterances of the mercurial young man, but signifying neither assent nor dissent. Not infrequently, taking silence for acquiescence, Roosevelt would go away thinking that he had carried everything before him.

One day while I was standing at the private secretary's desk with Lamont, watching Cleveland at the executive desk, Lamont said:

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

"I never see those two together that I'm not reminded of a picture I have of a great mastiff solemnly regarding a small terrier, snapping and barking at him."

One day I asked the Governor his opinion of Roosevelt:

"There is great sense in a lot that he says, but there is such a cocksureness about him that he stirs up doubt in me all the time."

Turning to Lamont, he asked:

"Dan, didn't you say to me the other day that someone said of Macaulay, 'that he wished that he was as sure of one thing as Macaulay was of all things?'"

Lamont replied in the affirmative.

Then to me:

"That fits Roosevelt. Then he seems to be so very young."

It was in 1882 that Roosevelt introduced a number of bills relating to the City and County of New York, some of them reducing fee offices to salaried offices. He passed them with great effort and against serious opposition.

One day after the Legislature had adjourned and Roosevelt was in attendance on the Republican convention at Chicago that nominated Blaine, the Governor, at work on the "thirty-day bills" as the passed measures left unacted upon by the executive on adjournment were called, said to me:

"I shall have to veto the most of those Roosevelt reform bills. Not that I object to the principles involved, but the bills are so loosely drawn that they will be as laws ineffective and give endless trouble."

A day or two later, while walking down State

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

street in Albany, I met Roosevelt, who was on his way home from Chicago and who had stopped off at Albany to look after his legislation. He immediately asked what the Governor had done with his bills. I replied that as yet the Governor had done nothing, but that I thought that he intended to veto some of them. Without seeking to know why, Roosevelt exclaimed:

“He mustn’t do that. He mustn’t do that. I can’t have that. I won’t let him do it. I’ll go up and see him at once.”

He fairly flew up the hill. Having in my mind that old stock problem as to what would be the result of an irresistible force meeting an immovable body and perceiving some fun ahead I followed after into the executive chamber.

The contest was begun immediately by Roosevelt’s asking what the Governor proposed to do about his bills.

“Mr. Roosevelt,” replied the Governor, “I must veto them. While I’m not opposed to the principles involved, the bills are so loosely drawn that if they were made laws the City and County of New York would be plunged into prolonged and expensive litigation.”

Roosevelt bristled up immediately and after stating that the main thing was the establishment of the principle and combating the idea that litigation must follow he went into a forceful argument, in which he used the most vigorous language, pounding the desk for emphasis. Finally he concluded with these words:

“You must not veto those bills. You cannot. You shall not. I can’t have it, and I won’t have it.”

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

"Mr. Roosevelt," said the Governor, sitting up very straight in his chair, "I am going to veto those bills."

And his fist came down on the desk with a solid whack.

The irresistible force had been smashed on the immovable body!

Roosevelt fell back in his chair, declaring it was an outrage to overturn a year's work in that way. Lamont went to the window and looked out on the green in an endeavor to get rid of the broad smile that was plastered on his face.

With hard and stubborn front Cleveland turned to his work and the interview was over. The bills were vetoed.

SETTING CLEVELAND'S FEET ON THE
PRESIDENTIAL PATH

NE day in the latter part of June, 1884, in one of the rooms of the executive suite in the Albany Capitol, a group of devoted adherents of Cleveland, of whom I was one, were gathered about the telephone eagerly, awaiting the news of a momentous event.

At the other end of this large room, at an improvised table made of planks laid on sawhorses, sat Grover Cleveland, industriously at work, with all of the thirty-day bills within easy reach of his hand.

The event so eagerly awaited by the group was the nomination for President by the Republican convention at Chicago. The fourth ballot was in progress. It appeared from what had gone before that it was to be the final ballot. On it would depend who would be the Republican nominee for President and, on that would depend whether the industrious man at the other end of the room would be presented to the country as the Democratic candidate.

Blaine and Arthur were the leading contestants at the Republican convention, with Edmunds of Vermont a good third in the race.

All of the members of this group, under the leadership of Daniel S. Lamont, had been engaged for weeks in advancing the cause of Cleveland, but without the knowledge of the man for whom the work was being done. Most of this band of earnest

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

workers had access to newspaper columns and, under their efforts, there came from various sections of the country considerations in print of Cleveland as a man and as a possible Democratic candidate. A striking act of the Governor was promptly, and with favorable color, spread broadcast over the country. Knowledge of this work was sedulously kept from the Governor, for it was believed that he was by no means certain that he desired the Presidential nomination and, that he would put a stop to the activity of his friends if it came to his notice. But he saw the result of their activity and wondered over it.

"It is astonishing," he said to me one day, "what a close watch the rest of the country keeps on New York and the way its state government is administered."

"It is a watch kept on you, Governor," I replied. "The Democrats of the nation see in you a possible candidate for the Presidency."

He frowned and turned the conversation to another subject.

Daniel Manning, the state leader, of course, was aware of the work being done. Too familiar with Tilden methods not to recognize their employment, he saw in it the handiwork of Lamont, brought up in the Tilden school, indeed a favorite pupil of the man of Gramercy Park and Greystone.

Manning had protested a bit, not seriously, by saying:

"It is possible that you boys will arouse a sentiment that will be troublesome to us. Cleveland is not yet a candidate and Tilden is not yet out of the way."

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

Tilden's attitude was the perplexity of the situation. Those who were in intimate contact with the sage of Greystone and who visited him frequently, knew that Tilden's physical condition made his acceptance of a nomination and his leadership of a campaign a sheer impossibility. But a large number of influential Democrats, all over the country, unaware of the real situation at Greystone, were besieging him and the party leaders with demands for his candidacy and the rebuke, in his own person, of "The Crime of '76."

Mr. Tilden made no reply to these demands. Indeed he maintained a stolid silence in the matter. The question: "Is Tilden a candidate or not?" became a vital one. No one but Tilden was able to answer it, and he would not.

Manning was much embarrassed. The state committee met in May, in accordance with custom, but adjourned subject to the call of the chair (Manning) without setting the date of the state convention to choose delegates to the national convention or ordering the election of delegates to the state convention. And there was no programme to be given out, to the great offense of trusted county leaders who were accustomed to receive it much earlier.

As the time approached for the meeting of the Republican convention at Chicago, Lamont and others he summoned to the task, persuaded Manning to undertake the work of clearing the atmosphere. Lamont knew that Tilden's physical condition made his candidacy impossible and he had been watching with alarm Roswell P. Flower's activity in securing pledges. Finally Manning yielded and, as a first step, secured Cleveland's consent to stand as a can-



JAMES G. BLAINE

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

didate on the contingency that either Blaine or Arthur was nominated by the Republicans. Then he visited Tilden and secured from him a letter which was, in fact, Tilden's absolute withdrawal from all politics.

Mr. Manning told me that Cleveland's consent was "a reluctant consent," and that it was "difficult to understand the Governor's attitude." However, when Manning returned from his visit to Grey-stone, the word that "Tilden was out" and that he "acquiesced in the Cleveland candidacy" was passed along to the chosen few and the work went on with increased vigor and merrily. The state committee was called into session and the date of the convention named.

That is the reason why the group about the telephone in the executive room, described above, having knowledge of the programme, were so eager for news from Chicago and so fearful that in the inevitable break to come the votes of a sufficient number to nominate would go to some other candidate than Blaine or Arthur.

While the group waited the Governor called me to him and began to talk of certain bills, the necessity for vetoing which he regretted. So interested did he become that he plunged into arguments supporting his position. Suddenly he awoke to the fact that my interest was not in his words but in what was going on at the telephone.

"It does not appear to me," he said, "that you are giving me your attention."

"Good heavens, Governor," I cried, much excited and striving to justify my own inattention, "how can you potter over these bills when any mo-

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

ment the announcement may be made of an event that will force you into the Democratic nomination for President?"

The Governor looked up with an indulgent smile, and replied:

"Oh, neither Blaine nor Arthur will be nominated. I have observed that in the time of a crisis the moral sense of the Republican party comes uppermost. The crisis is here. The Republican situation demands the nomination of Edmunds. Edmunds will be nominated."

Hardly had the utterance left his lips when there was a shout from the group at the telephone.

"Blaine's nominated!"

A hard expression with which was mingled the suggestion of sadness came over the face of the Governor.

The group, the oldest of whom was not yet forty, and the greater number of whom were much younger, all of them ardent, rushed across the room, surrounding the table and crying:

"Now we'll have you for the Democratic nominee."

It was not possible for even so phlegmatic a man as Cleveland to look unmoved upon those eager, earnest faces, expressing such devotion to him and his fortunes.

There was the suggestion of moisture in his eyes, as his face softened and a smile began to play on his lips. He put out an uncertain hand, laying it on the bill before him and then, in a voice with an unusually tender note in it, he said:

"Go away boys, and let me do my work as Governor. You're always trying to get me into a scrape."

TURNING CLOSE CORNERS



ETWEEN the declaration of Cleveland as the nominee of the National Democratic Convention and the declaration of his candidacy for that nomination there was a divided state party to be managed, a state convention the complexion of which was in doubt to be controlled and a delegation to be welded into a whole. The issue of it all was not certain. This work, requiring the utmost nicety of execution, was imposed on Mr. Manning. That the final issue was what was desired is overwhelming testimony to the executive and diplomatic capacity of Manning. His generalship lifted him high in the esteem of men who had doubted the wisdom of his appointment to the leadership. It made him a power in the national party.

The real history of that convention, meeting in the summer of 1884 at Saratoga Springs to choose delegates to the National Convention, has never been written. It constitutes one of the most interesting chapters in national politics. It also shows what may be accomplished against great odds by wise and tactful generalship, and that the glory of leadership is attended by vexation. Much of this unwritten history comes to my knowledge through my employment as an instrument by Mr. Manning. In my earnest support of Mr. Cleveland I had gone to Mr. Manning and told him that I had laid aside all newspaper work that I might be free to labor for the Governor and that I desired to place myself sub-

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

ject to his (Manning's) directions. The state leader was good enough to say that I could be most useful and that he would not hesitate to call for my services.

On the day we journeyed to the place of the state convention Mr. Manning occupied a seat at the end of the car opposite to that in which I had found a place. During the journey the leader sent for me and making room in the seat beside him, without preliminaries, said:

"The Governor (meaning Cleveland) is most inconsistent that Dorsheimer shall present his name to the national convention and that he, Dorsheimer, shall be one of the four delegates-at-large. This is very troublesome and will be offensive to many of our friends on whom we must rely for aid. So I've cut out some work for you. So soon as we reach Saratoga a list of delegates will be given you. I shall mark the names of some men you must see. It will be your business to visit these men and explain the situation, making it clear, that it is because of the Governor's desire to have his name presented by Dorsheimer and for no other reason that Dorsheimer has been decided on for delegate-at-large. It is important work I'm giving you, for I find on examination that we have not a working majority of more than five or six. The situation is a most doubtful one."

The significance of these instructions is to be found in the fact that after the events of 1876, the former Lieutenant Governor, Mr. Dorsheimer, had gradually drifted away from his old allies in the Tilden campaign, under the feeling that he had been badly treated and had finally landed in Tammany

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

Hall, becoming a Congressman under its auspices. Tammany was in open antagonism to Cleveland and its course made it actually hated by the vast majority of the Democrats of the interior of the state. The belief that Tammany had treacherously defeated Hancock for the Presidency in 1880 was still firmly held by many Democrats. To advocate a man as a candidate for one of the four places as delegate-at-large, who was so conspicuous a member of Tammany Hall, was, therefore, looked upon by the old sterling Democracy of the state as an abandonment of principle and a weakness in management. Mr. Manning, however, had accepted the burden imposed without murmur and had met the problem forced on him as seemed best in his judgment.

Mr. Dorsheimer was at the Springs, but not as delegate. Though he had changed his political affiliations, he yet had many personal friends in the ranks of the regular organization and I went to him to have him name some of them who might be delegates, to aid in the work imposed on me. It turned out that this was the first intimation Dorsheimer had of the settled programme. He went with it to John Kelly, the Tammany leader. Kelly was not pleased. He chose to look upon the concession to the Governor's desire as a concession to Tammany and then declared that in such case he, Kelly, Tammany's leader, should be the one to go as delegate-at-large, while Dorsheimer could go as a district delegate from his, Kelly's, congressional district.

His determination caused an explosion. Manning refused to agree and declared that in conceding the place to Dorsheimer he had gone as far in recognition of Tammany as he would go. Dorsheimer,

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

utterly disgusted with the turn of affairs, packed his bag and went home to go out of Tammany and politics. In the meantime the breach between the regulars and the opposition was widened while the roll of Flower delegates was enlarged and the Flower candidacy strengthened.

"I was compelled to take the stand I did," said Manning, "or lose control of the convention. Perhaps we've lost it now, but I think work will overcome this trouble."

Now as the possibility of having Cleveland as the nominee of the national convention depended on the control of the delegation to Chicago, at the first step there was doubt and trouble.

There were other divisions to vex. Out in Monroe County there had been a contest of factions, one led by George Raines and the other by William Purcell, the forceful editor of the Rochester Union and Advertiser. Raines had won in the primaries but under employment of methods, as charged by the Purcell faction, that were unfair, with the result that the Purcell wing sent to Saratoga a contesting delegation.

Just after the Dorsheimer affair had fallen down, as described above, I was passing through the dining room of the United States Hotel when I was called by Nicholas E. Kernan, a son of ex-United States Senator Kernan. He was seated at a table with his uncle, Mr. Devereaux of Utica. Mr. Kernan said:

"Your people must be careful in handling that Monroe contest. I can assure you that there are more than forty delegates from Central and Western New York who will take the setting aside of

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

Purcell as a personal grievance. They believe in the justice of his position and they may overturn your control."

Passing on after listening to this it was not until I reached the door of the dining room that the full significance of the warning was appreciated. It meant possibly the defeat of Cleveland. Returning to Kernan I asked him for the names of those who had assumed the position for Purcell. With the aid of his uncle thirty names were given. With the list I hurried to Mr. Manning. The leader took it into serious consideration, nodding his head affirmatively as he ticked off the list.

"I understand this," he said, "and it is most serious. More trouble and more corners to turn. I do wish people would keep religion out of their politics. Well," he continued, "you have had some time to think of this; how would you meet it?"

"The danger is," I replied, "that even thirty of the delegates, counted on our list, if they supported a minority report of the committee on contested seats, would be enough to carry the minority report and seat Purcell, would they not?"

"Surely," replied Mr. Manning.

"And that would show that you had lost control of the convention?"

"No doubt of that."

"And that would beat Cleveland?"

"Yes."

"Then I see nothing for it but to concede the seats to Purcell and so avoid the contest and the showing up."

"Pretty rough on a consistent friend like George Raines who, I think, has the right of this quarrel,

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

especially when it is done in favor of an enemy of the Governor. However, find Cady Herrick—he's chairman of the committee on contested seats. Tell him what you have told me, show him the list, tell him what you have suggested and what I have said and tell him that I say that everything must be done to avoid a test vote on anything in this convention. We're skating on awfully thin ice."

Cady Herrick, then a practicing lawyer of Albany and subsequently on the Supreme Court bench, was quickly found and the matter laid before him. He instantly grasped the sense of it and after a moment's consideration he said:

"A mighty unpleasant thing to do. It will break a strong friendship. But I see no other way out."

There was another contest in St. Lawrence County, headed by Sawyer and supported by Tammany simply because it was in the opposition. Bourke Cockran was Tammany's representative on the committee. To him with Machiavelian intent went Herrick, saying that he did not suppose that Cockran cared much for Sawyer, but did for Purcell, and that if he, Cockran, would join him they would seat Purcell and Magone, who, I think, was Sawyer's opponent. Cockran eagerly accepted the proposition and thus Herrick insured a report from the committee that would not be contested on the floor of the convention and for the Cleveland votes lost in Monroe secured those from St. Lawrence, while he satisfied the forty likely to bolt regular leadership in any other result. It was a close call, for the contest over the report had been well organized.

And all other test votes were avoided. A resolution indorsed the administration of Cleveland as

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

Governor. But that was invariable Democratic custom. But the resolution instructing the delegation to vote for Grover Cleveland was not presented, because Mr. Manning would not permit it, to the great distress of the more ardent of the Cleveland men.

"We would have been beaten," said Mr. Manning on his return from Saratoga." We did not have a majority. We get away from Saratoga with the credit of controlling the convention in Cleveland's interest, without showing our weakness and after defeating all the purposes and plans of the opposition. We must be content with that and the Governor must be content with Dan Lockwood, again, for a spokesman. But," he continued, "our work is not done yet. We've got our delegation to look after."

As a matter of fact an apparent Cleveland victory was wrung from a convention that was, in its actual majority, in opposition to Cleveland. The triumph belonged to Mr. Manning. But for it there would have been no President Cleveland known to history.

BY WHAT SMALL CHANCES



HERE is more work for you to do," said Mr. Manning on the day after his return from Saratoga to Albany, after the state convention of 1884, "and it is most important work."

He was seated at his desk in the parlor of the National Commerical Bank, of which he was the president, looking over three slips of paper he held in his hands.

"I've sent for you to know if you will undertake it."

"I'm enlisted for the war, Mr. Manning," I replied, "and am subject to your orders."

He looked up with a smile at the response and said:

"You may not like this, but it must be done by someone."

He handed me one of the slips he held.

"This contains the names of the delegates chosen at Saratoga for Chicago, whom we rely upon to support Cleveland."

"This," he continued, as he handed another slip, "contains the names of those who we think will be against us."

The list was formidable and disturbing to Cleveland's adherents. He handed over the third slip.

"This," he said, "contains the names of those who are doubtful or undeclared."

There were six, perhaps eight, names on the last slip. Mr. Manning went on, quite calmly:

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

"You will perceive that we have not as yet a majority of the delegation."

"Heavens," I said to myself, "after the triumph of Saratoga we are not yet out of the woods."

As if he had heard the unexpressed thought, Mr. Manning continued:

"You perceive the situation is delicate, to say the least. If we cannot win these doubtful men we cannot hope to make a successful presentation of the Governor's name. Now, I want you to devote yourself to these doubtful men. Find out the conditions surrounding them, the influences, political, commercial and moral, they are subject to, and if they are inclined to be against us, find out why. I suppose that we may take it as a fact, in such a juncture, that they are inclined to be against us if they are undeclared. We must subject them to pressure, but first we must learn the sort of pressure which should be applied. That's your work. You may rely on those lists as being accurate. They were made up by Lamont."

Filled with an appreciation of the importance and difficulty of the task I was silent for a moment. Then I said:

"It is something like detective work."

"Much like it," replied Mr. Manning, "but detective work that can be done only by a man acquainted with state and local politics."

Taking the slips, I went up the hill to consult with Lamont, somewhat saddened in the revelation that we were as yet far away from the position in which we might insistently press the name of Cleveland. It seemed as if Cleveland's chances for the presidential nomination depended on small things.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

When we were within two weeks of the meeting day of the national convention, I was recalled from the work by Mr. Manning.

"Your work is nearly accomplished," he said, "and I will put someone else on to finish it up. You must go to Chicago at once. Open the Cleveland headquarters at the Palmer House, and stand for the cause till we get there. I had intended that Apgar (E. K.) should do this, but my programme has been disarranged by John Boyle O'Reilly, of Boston, who has sent most imperatively for Apgar on what he, O'Reilly, calls business of the utmost importance. Look up the situation there and inform me daily, hourly, if necessary. Use the wire freely."

On arrival in Chicago it required no especial shrewdness to discover that the Chicago press was prejudiced against the Cleveland cause, nor to discover that all of this prejudice was due to the very efficient work of State Senator "Tom" Grady of New York, who had stolen into Chicago for the purpose. The first duty, then, was to counteract the effect of Grady's work by visiting the editors of the various papers, telling the "regular" side of the story and submitting to cross-examination as to political conditions in New York. If the Chicago press was not swung to an ardent advocacy of Cleveland, at least the Tammany influence was neutralized, and the tone of the press toward the candidacy was changed.

The next discovery was one not so easily met or understood. Indeed, it was not fully understood until later in the campaign that it was an intrigue in the interest of Blaine, operated in the Democratic

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

convention and having for its purpose the defeat of Cleveland for the nomination. It appeared that Blaine, with his usual political prescience, had determined that his most dangerous opponent would be Cleveland. To have him killed in the convention was the easiest way to dispose of him.

The intrigue was being worked through a resident of Chicago, Alexander Sullivan, president of the Irish National League, all of which, however, was not visible on the surface. What was visible was that there were many agents about who were endeavoring to stir up Irish prejudice against Cleveland, on the ground that he was an enemy of the race. The side of the intrigue which was at once the most dangerous and the most difficult to meet was that which attempted to represent Cleveland as "a Presbyterian bigot," who was bitterly hostile to anything related to Catholicity.

These facts were communicated to Mr. Manning, with the suggestion that John D. Kernan, railroad commissioner; James Shanahan, superintendent of public works, and John A. McCall, superintendent of insurance, should come to Chicago at the earliest possible moment. The idea was that these men occupied the most important offices in the gift of the Governor of the state, under the appointment of Cleveland, and that a charge of bigotry against Cleveland, under the circumstances, became absurd.

The reply of Mr. Manning was that all three would be on hand except Mr. Kernan, who would be represented by his father, ex-United States Senator Francis Kernan, and, further, that the matter communicated was comprehended and was being

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

dealt with from the Albany end. On Mr. Manning's arrival in Chicago he told me that the organized attempt to charge Cleveland with religious bigotry was the reason of John Boyle O'Reilly's call for Apgar and that there was among the powers of the great church much indignation over the effort to drag their sacred faith into the troubled and muddy waters of politics. Mr. Manning was inclined to the belief that, in the end, the effort would act as a boomerang on those who had attempted the doubtful—to use the least offensive term—tactics. And, as a matter of fact, Mr. Manning's judgment was justified by events.

The leader was more troubled over the fact that the intrigue had had no little effect on the delegation, and, in talking of it, admitted that as yet the Cleveland people were short two of a majority in the delegation.

To persuade these two became a matter of earnest work. It was not even accomplished on the morning of the day on which the delegation was to meet and determine how it was to vote. On that day the two delegates disappeared from sight. Scouting parties were organized to find them, and I have a distinct recollection of seeing Henry Mowry of Syracuse sitting at the head of the main stairway of the Palmer House, where the great tide flowed to and from the various headquarters, stolid and imperturbable, waiting by the hour, patiently, for one or both of the greatly desired delegates to appear.

It was Mowry who reached them and hurried them into a conference, from which the two emerged pledged to Cleveland, and I do not think I outrage the truth when I say that one of them bore the

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

promise of the nomination to a state office when he entered the meeting room of the delegation.

The two made the majority by which Cleveland was named in that caucus of the delegation on the last day before the meeting of the convention. After the victory many who had been on the other side accepted the situation and bowed to the decision—but Tammany didn't.

During all this struggle the desperate straits of the Cleveland men had been successfully concealed—from all, indeed, except those who were employed in the labor of winning the majority. But “all's well that ends well.” New York went into the convention solid and strong and confident.

To me, in looking back upon these events, Carlyle's remark in “Sartor Resartus,” “By what small chances do we live in history,” comes with great force. By many “small chances” was Cleveland carried to the nomination. For a man so eminently practical and sane his career was attended by many dramatic incidents.

MANNING'S MASTERLY MANAGEMENT



T is doubtful whether a campaign for a nomination at a national convention was ever so wisely and ably conducted as that for the nomination of Cleveland at Chicago in 1884, organized and conducted as it was under adverse circumstances and with many difficulties to face.

At a time when there was no assurance that a majority of the state delegation could be secured for Cleveland, when there was a large doubt whether a single vote from New York could be cast for Cleveland, and when the leaders were compelled to summon to their efforts all the skill and energy and address they were capable of, a Cleveland propaganda was organized at Chicago which, I can say out of a long and wide experience at national conventions, was the most complete and effective I ever observed. This propaganda was conducted by a corps of men of character, dignity and standing, not mere "heelers" who could talk—such men as David B. Hill, ex-Senator Kernan, Wilson S. Bissell, D-Cady Herrick, Edward Cooper and others.

While this propaganda was being organized and conducted not only were the leaders compelled to deal with the fact that a majority of the New York delegation was yet to be secured for their candidate, but with the intrigue which sought to establish Cleveland as "a Presbyterian bigot" in the minds of the delegates to the national convention, mention of which was made in a previous chapter.

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

This was a most troublesome affair. No matter how often or how authoritatively the false statements of this intrigue were met, they cropped up again and again, as positively asserted as if they had never been denied and disproved. These assertions were not made in the open, but were whispered from mouth to ear. Denials and disproof seemed to have the effect only of increasing the activity of the agents of the intrigue and the instruments of the slanderers. Under the circumstances it was difficult to meet and counteract the influence.

When all the difficulties and obstacles, above recited, had been overcome, there was one more fight to engage in, which was the outcome of the effort of Tammany to break the unit rule. It had been suggested by the success attending a similar effort in the Republican National Convention of 1880. But obedience to the instructions of a state convention was Democratic custom entrenched in tradition and the effort failed. So it was that when the day of balloting was reached the hands of Mr. Manning were strengthened and he was enabled to cast the 72 votes of New York for Grover Cleveland, while he had the comforting assurance that as a result of the propaganda he had organized, Cleveland, among the delegates of the rest of the country, was the leading candidate.

There was an unusual number of aged men among the delegates. On the day that the balloting began the greater part of the time had been absorbed in listening to the reports of the committee on contested seats, in discussion of the platform, in the making of the permanent organiza-

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

tion, and, in the presentation of the names of the various candidates for the presidential nomination.

The first ballot was not reached until late in the evening. On that ballot Cleveland received 392 votes out of a total of 818, which was 224 more than had been recorded for Thomas F. Bayard, the next in rank of numbers. The rest were scattered among "favorite sons." Mr. Manning had assurances that, on the second ballot, so many of these votes as had gone to favorite sons in a complimentary way on the first ballot, would be turned to Cleveland as would give him, at least, a majority. While a two-thirds vote was, and is yet, in a Democratic convention requisite for a nomination, it is rarely that a convention withholds that two-thirds vote from a candidate when he has once attained a majority. Thus it was that in the Cleveland camp confidence as to the ultimate result obtained.

During the taking of the first ballot Mr. Manning had observed that after casting their votes a large number, especially the aged men, tired out by a long day's work, had left the hall. He, therefore, conceived it to be the part of prudence and wisdom to take an adjournment until the next morning. This he effected. The more ardent of the Cleveland men, elated by the great lead of their candidate, questioned this act of the leader, contending that as victory was in sight the Cleveland forces should have pressed on to the end. But Mr. Manning was courageous enough to be insistent. After the adjournment he said to me:

"It was wise to adjourn. We could not have reached an end in any event. So many of our friends had left the hall that it was doubtful if on a



DANIEL MANNING

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

second ballot we could have obtained for our candidate as many votes as we did on the first ballot. That would have been damaging. We must have steady growth to succeed. We can't stand fluctuations, especially if they are downward. We will have a full house and an increased vote to-morrow morning."

But there were those of the opposition who did not read the act that way. They took the adjournment to be an evidence of a want of courage and a lack of confidence in the ultimate result. And they undertook to take advantage of the supposed situation. Immediately after the adjournment Benjamin F. Butler—the redoubtable Ben—who was a delegate from Massachusetts, John Kelly, the Tammany leader, and Thomas A. Hendricks of Indiana, got together to lay plans to "stampede" the convention at its next session for Hendricks for President.

These plans were carefully and skillfully made. "Dick" Bright of Indiana, who was sergeant-at-arms of the convention, was sent for, and instructed to pack the galleries with shouters for Hendricks. Bright carried out his instructions with fidelity. He withdrew all of the tickets that had been issued for admission to the galleries and instructed the doorkeepers, all of whom were under his direction, to refuse to recognize them and to receive only the new ones issued. These were given into the hands of all that he could muster from the purlieus of Chicago and that were willing, for a consideration, to sit and "holler" for Hendricks when the signal to do so was given.

The convention met in a large rectangular hall, the platform being on one side of it, half way up.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

Alongside of that platform was a door leading from an anteroom and he who entered the hall by that door came face to face with the delegates and the audience. One delegate from Illinois had voted for Hendricks and could be relied on to do so on the second ballot. It was, therefore, planned that as he voted for the Indiana statesman, Hendricks should open the door described and enter to face the delegates when the "stampede" was to be loosed. It was believed that thereby the convention could be carried from its feet.

It was a cunningly devised plan, and well calculated to succeed. It was a danger not apprehended by the Cleveland managers, all of whom had gone to bed confident in the result of the next day. I had but just crawled into my bed for a sadly needed sleep at a late, or, rather, an early, hour in the morning, when I was imperatively summoned to the Cleveland headquarters at the Palmer House. Arriving there I learned that Mr. Manning had been promptly informed of the Hendricks intrigue and, recognizing its dangerous possibilities, had as promptly formed a counterplan. To its execution the late William E. Smith, a nephew of Smith Weed, and later an assistant secretary of the treasury in the first Cleveland administration, had been assigned. He had rapidly divided the states into groups, according to the size of their delegations. To each group a trusted man was assigned, with instructions from Mr. Manning to find each delegate of his group, tell him of the Hendricks intrigue, when the stampede was to occur, how it was to occur, and, having prepared the mind of each one by taking from the attempted "stampede" the qual-

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

ity of surprise, ask the delegate to sit tight and close, unmoved, until the effort had spent its force.

Iowa and three other states were given to me. It was an all-night job. It was not until 7 o'clock in the morning that I located the last man on my list, and not until 8 that I reached him and forewarned him.

The programme was carried out by both sides. At the dramatic moment Hendricks opened the door, as planned, and entered. The signal was given. The galleries became frantic with cheers for Hendricks, who stood before the platform, blandly bowing before the storm. There were among the noise makers a few delegates here and there, but the rest, and the vast majority, sat fast and tight, unmoved, for only that was occurring of which they had been forewarned. There was an exception. In the middle of the New York delegation there was a knot of some ten or twelve men who stood on their chairs wildly cheering. These were Tammany delegates, with John Kelly at their head. The only man to whose head the manufactured excitement went was Governor Waller of Connecticut, who jumped to his seat in a wild cry for recognition from the chair, but Senator William H. Barnum reached him by hard pushing from one side, and little Apgar from the other side by going like a monkey over the heads of the delegates. The two pulled Waller down amid the laughs of his colleagues.

The turmoil lasted ten minutes and died out through exhaustion without the fire even reaching the delegates. When the leader of the Illinois delegation caught the eye of the chairman and asked for a recalling of the Illinois delegates and they re-

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

sponded with the name of Cleveland, notice was served that the best organized and most skillfully conceived stampede of history had failed. And when Pennsylvania was reached and its leader asked permission for the delegation to retire for consultation, and, returning a short time after, withdrew the name of Samuel J. Randall and recorded its vote for Grover Cleveland, the end was. After that it was almost a scramble to get recorded for Cleveland. The second ballot showed 684 for Cleveland, or 138 more than the needed two-thirds. And with it ended the host of dramatic incidents attending the nomination of Grover Cleveland in 1884.

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

PUBLIC OFFICE IS A PUBLIC TRUST



N the campaign of 1884, six words, "Public Office Is a Public Trust"—became the slogan of the Cleveland battle line. The words were attributed to Cleveland—they were believed to be an utterance of the Democratic presidential candidate. But of all the nearly five millions who upheld the cause of Cleveland and fought for him, not five persons could have told where the words first appeared or from what speech, or letter, or message, or interview, or public document of Cleveland's authorship they were taken.

When the battle had been won, and its smoke had cleared away, and it was realized what a power for Cleveland the epigram had been, and that it had become of historical significance, effort was made to frame it with descriptions of the context out of which it was supposed to have come. The result was to discover that the only place in which the phrase in its epigrammatic form was to be found was on the title page of the first political document issued in the campaign.

The next step was to discover that Mr. Cleveland had not written or uttered it. A search was begun for its origin. This was not found because only two persons knew it and they were not asked for information. These two persons were Grover Cleveland and the writer.

After this, much was written and said about the phrase that had become famous, but all was specu-

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

lation and romance. It was attributed to half a dozen persons, who were in relations, more or less intimate, with Cleveland. It was asserted that it was the contribution of Manton Marble to the campaign of 1884. It was circumstantially stated that at a conference of leading Democrats the necessity of a ringing phrase to catch the public ear was determined on, and that on the suggestion of Daniel Manning the invention of such a phrase was intrusted to St. Clair McKelway, at that time the editor of the Albany Argus, the famous one being the result. Finally, George F. Parker, in an article in the North American Review about Cleveland as a phrase maker, with all the earmarks of authority, dogmatically asserted that the famous phrase was invented for Cleveland by the late Daniel S. Lamont.

All of these assertions and statements were erroneous. Mr. Lamont did not invent the phrase nor had he any knowledge of it until he read it on the title page of the document on which it appeared. Mr. McKelway did not invent it, for the very good reason that there was never a conference to provide a phrase for campaign purposes, although he did coin a term afterward employed by Mr. Cleveland, and that was "innocuous desuetude." There was more of truth as to Manton Marble, for that person did employ a similar phrase in his writing of the Democratic platform of 1876, some eight years previously.

This is the story of the origin and use of the phrase:

Of those who went from Albany to Chicago in 1884, I was the first to reach Albany from Chicago and to call on the newly nominated presidential

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

candidate. I had left Chicago immediately after the nomination of Cleveland had been announced. Arriving in Albany the next day, I saw the candidate in his office at the Capitol, and congratulated him on the result. Before I left he asked me to dine with him the next day (Sunday), as he had a communication to make of some importance. After dinner, when cigars had been produced, the Governor told me that Lamont had suggested that the fight for the Presidency should be begun at once, without waiting for the organization of the larger committees, and that it should be begun by the preparation and publication of a political document, the scope of which he laid out in general terms. He asked me to undertake the work of the preparation, telling me at the same time that he had already received the promise of Francis Lynde Stetson of New York to write a defense of his (the Governor's) veto of the elevated railroad 5-cent fare bill, to be included in the document. This was a matter which had brought upon Cleveland no little criticism. He was sensitive as to it because, convinced that he was right in his act, he thought the public should see as he did.

Mr. Stetson arrived the next day, and, after a conference with him as to the character and detail of the work, it was taken up earnestly and pushed vigorously. In a week's time I had read the latest revises and the time had come for the ordering of the printing. On that day Lamont came to me and, asking what I was doing about the title page, suggested that I use a cut of Cleveland, which he handed me and, as a title line, "The Open Record of an Honest Man."

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

Exclaiming that it was an admirable line, I drew a sheet of paper before me and wrote it, sending it to the printers with the cut Lamont had handed me, with instructions to return a proof of the page. But when the proof came back it did not look well. The cut of Cleveland was an outline cut, without any shading whatever. Lamont's heavy, black-faced line stared out too boldly from the page, and it was badly balanced. Thinking that its appearance would be improved if I could place at the top and bottom of the page pithy or pregnant sentences uttered by Cleveland, I sent for copies of his speeches and writings. I quickly found a sentence relating to labor and its rights, of three lines length, for the bottom of the page, but, search as I might, I could not find one of the kind I needed to fill the top.

What I did find, however, was the iteration and reiteration of the sentiment that public officials were the trustees of the people, and an office a sacred trust. For instance, he had said in his speech before the City Convention in 1881, in accepting the nomination of Mayor of Buffalo:

“Public officials are the trustees of the people, and hold their places and exercise their powers for the benefit of the people.”

In his first annual message as Mayor of Buffalo, January 2, 1882, he said:

“We (public officers) are the trustees and agents of our fellow citizens, holding their funds in sacred trust.”

In several of his veto messages as Mayor he repeated this sentiment in different forms. And in

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

his letter accepting the nomination of Governor he said:

“Public officers are the servants and agents of the people to execute laws which the people have made and within the limits of a constitution which they have established.”

What I did acquire was the understanding that the dominating sentiment in Cleveland’s mind was this idea of trusteeship and that in his public acts he was guided by it. And I remember that as I read and searched, my mind went back to the Democratic national platform of 1876 and that I thought that Mr. Cleveland had been influenced by it. This was the platform utterance of 1876:

“President, Vice-President, judges, senators, representatives, Cabinet officers—these and all others in authority are the people’s servants. Their offices are not a private perquisite; they are a public trust.”

That my mind should have gone back to the eight-year-old platform was not such an effort of memory as the mere statement of it makes it appear to be. During the thirty-six hours’ session of the platform committee, at St. Louis, I acted, temporarily, as the secretary of Lieutenant Governor Dor-sheimer, its chairman. It fell to my hand to copy that platform, and parts of it, with suggestions of amendment and addition so often that by the time it was adopted I was familiar with every line of it. But the reflection, on looking over Cleveland’s official papers, that he had been influenced to much thought on the subject by the 1876 platform utterance did not furnish me with the pithy short sen-

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

tence I wanted for the top of the title page of the first political document of the 1884 campaign.

So I went at the making of one, much after the manner of the headline writer in a newspaper office, who compresses into a single short sentence the gist of the article turned into him to "put a head on." "Public Office Is a Public Trust" was the result. That was what the platform of 1876 had said and what Cleveland had said on every occasion that was proper. It was the dogmatic form of what he had expressed with greater elucidation.

A proof of the amended page was required and, when it was received, I took it to the Governor for his inspection. His eye at once went to the top line and, pointing to it, he asked:

"Where the deuce did I say that?"

"You've said it a dozen times publicly but not in those few words," I replied.

"That's so," he said. "That's what I believe. That's what I've said a little better because more fully."

"But this has the merit of brevity," I persisted, "and that is what is required here. The question is, will you stand for this form?"

"Oh, yes," replied the Governor. "That is what I believe. I'll stand for it and make it my own."

So I wrote "G. Cleveland" under the line and sent the proof to the printing office with instructions to go to press.

In a week's time the printed document had been circulated in the State of New York. The phrase which topped the title page was immediately seized upon by the adherents of Cleveland. Rapidly it spread to the rest of the country. It was printed on

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

badges which men wore on their coats as a declaration of their political sentiments. It was emblazoned on banners hung in the air. It was mouthed by campaign orators and helped swell the periods of resounding resolutions. It was made the refrain of campaign songs and afforded the beat shouted by enthusiasts and by which they marched in procession under torches and fireworks.

No one was so much surprised by the way the public seized on the phrase as the two men instrumental in its concoction—the presidential candidate and myself. To make a campaign slogan was far from our purpose. It was not in the mind of either. It was not in the purview of either. It was wholly due to the persistency of the writer that he must have a short, pithy utterance of the candidate for a top line to preserve the symmetrical appearance of the title page. To that was the outlook limited. And when we found that the phrase that had been thus formed had been seized upon by more than one-half of the voters, as the concrete expression of Mr. Cleveland's dominating idea, then, and only then, we learned that we had builded better than we knew.

During the four years that followed that campaign there was much discussion as to the origin of the phrase, and in the course of it there were assertions that as a phrase, in exactly the way it had been used in the campaign of 1884, it had been employed at various times previously. From time to time, after that period, there have been outcroppings of the discussion, the subject apparently having an irresistible attraction for the disputants. In its last edition, "Bartlett's Familiar Quotations," at-

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

tributes the use of the phrase to a number of people. Under the head of Public Trusts, it has this item:

“The phrase, ‘public office is a public trust’ has of late become common property.”—Charles Sumner (May 31, 1872).

This would indicate that the phrase not only had been used twelve years before it was credited to Cleveland, but that it had been in use before then. Of this I have only to say that at the time I put the phrase on the title page, I had never heard it, had known nothing of this quotation from Sumner and that to-day I do not know that Sumner ever said what is attributed to him except as it appears in “Bartlett’s.”

This also appears in the same work:

“The public offices are a public trust.”—Dorman B. Eaton (1881).

This may be true, for as I never read anything Eaton ever wrote or said, I can have no other knowledge than what Bartlett says Eaton said, and I learned this twenty-six years after I put the phrase on the title page.

Also the phrase appears in the same work, credited to Abram S. Hewitt, in 1883.

Now I knew Mr. Hewitt very well and having a great admiration for the man, was tolerably well acquainted with his speeches and public utterances. I never knew that Mr. Hewitt had used the phrase, and do not know it now except as Bartlett says, and I would be greatly troubled where to find it at this day, among Mr. Hewitt’s speeches or letters.

It is quite among the possibilities that I had met with the phrase in my earlier readings; that it made its impression and remained in my mind until

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

the requirements brought it to the surface, when it appeared to me as an original conception; but, whether that is so or not, the true story of its use in the campaign of 1884 and the crediting of it to Mr. Cleveland are here told and for the first time.

HOW CLEVELAND DEALT WITH A
BLAINE SCANDAL

HE mail of Grover Cleveland, immediately after his nomination for President, at Chicago, on July 11, 1884, swelled into enormous proportions. It came pouring in literally by the bushel. In order that he might look over this mail free from undue interruption, as the Private Secretary of the Governor, Colonel Lamont seized on a desk in the last room of the gubernatorial suite to which visitors, even if they were intimate friends of the Governor, rarely if ever, penetrated.

While engaged in the preparation of the "Open Record of an Honest Man" document, on the title page of which appeared the words "Public Office Is a Public Trust," as previously described, I was given a desk in the same room, adjoining that occupied by Colonel Lamont.

One morning in the third week of July, on entering to my work, I saw Lamont at his desk with a frown of perplexity on his face, evidently much disturbed. He was studying a letter and some accompanying documents and was so much absorbed that he was hardly conscious of my entrance. But in a moment or two, looking up, he saw me. There was an eager tone in his voice as he said:

"I'm glad you've come. I want to talk to you about a perplexing matter."

He went to the door and turned the key. Coming back, he stood for some time looking down on

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

the papers that had absorbed his attention, and then said:

"I don't know what to do with these papers. If I show them to the Governor I fear he will put his foot on them. If I conceal them from him and turn them over to the managers of the campaign and he comes to know of it, he'll be angry. If I do show them to the Governor and he does put his foot on them and they are concealed from the managers, they will be angry, as they would have a right to be, since they are entitled to have all the weapons we can put in their hands for use in this campaign."

Knowing Lamont as well as I did, I neither asked him the nature of the papers that troubled him nor made remark. Lamont did not give his confidences easily. Any attempt to draw him out excited his suspicions and usually resulted in an extreme case of reticence. If he intended to give me his confidence in this matter I knew that it would be given without the asking. So I waited. It was at a time when what subsequently became known to history as the Halpin affair was having its first swing and I supposed the papers in Lamont's hands related to that.

Such, however, was not the case, as was plain so soon as Lamont began to talk of the matter vexing him. It appeared that a correspondent residing in Kentucky, I think, whose name I have now forgotten, had written to Governor Cleveland relating what he alleged to be certain incidents in the private life of James G. Blaine, the opposing candidate. These he offered as more than an offset to the Halpin affair. He asserted his ability to

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

furnish conclusive documentary proof of his allegations and had forwarded copies of certain documents as indicating the nature of the proof.

Although the matter in great part found its way to publication, I shall not attempt to indicate here the nature of the allegations because, first, I never read the proof or what purported to be the proof of them; second, because I have every reason to believe that there is not to-day in existence any proof or the possibility of it, and, third, that all the parties to the story are under the sod, unable to make a defense, while those left in the guardianship of their fame can meet the allegation made at this late day only by a denial.

In this third week in July, 1884, the allegations as they appeared in the mail of Governor Cleveland seemed to be very real and the writer offered, if his communication was deemed to be of value, to travel to Albany and personally submit his proof and himself to examination.

Having informed me of the contents of the communication and his own thought on the matter, Lamont asked me what I would do were I placed in a similar position.

"Turn them over to the Governor, Dan," I said, "and let him deal with them."

"You know the Governor," said Lamont, "and what he is capable of doing—tossing them into the waste basket."

"Possibly," I replied; "but in view of the relations of the Governor and yourself I cannot see that you can do anything else."

"That is my inclination—indeed, was my first impulse, but afterward I thought of the use that

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

might be made of it to fight this other devilish thing," replied Lamont. After a moment he added: "It is a question of how I can best serve him." After another moment of thought he continued: "Well, I'll lay the matter before the Governor now, before anyone else can hear of it. I'll ask him to come into this room to read these papers."

He went out and almost immediately returned with Cleveland, directing the latter's attention to the papers without comment.

Cleveland sat down in Lamont's chair and read the papers very deliberately, giving no sign of the impression they made on him. Finishing his reading of them he leaned his elbow on the desk and looked out of the window to the park in front of the Capitol for a long time, the while we waited, ostensibly busy with our work, but covertly watching the presidential candidate. Finally he turned to the desk and, gathering up the papers, folded them neatly, after his habit, and, rising, said:

"I'll take these. Say nothing about them to anyone. I say this to both of you. Dan, send for this man to bring his proof as soon as he can. Promise to pay his expenses."

He went out, leaving Lamont and myself to stare at each other. Apparently he was about to do what each of us thought he would not do. An instant later he was back again in the door.

"Dan," he said, "when that man does come bring him directly to me. I will deal with him."

He went away, leaving us to look at each other again.

"I'll be hanged!" I exclaimed. "He's going to use them after all."

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

"I don't know," replied Lamont, doubtfully. "Though he hasn't taken it as I thought he would."

Days passed and nothing was heard from Cleveland on the subject. Lamont had carried out his instruction and had sent for the correspondent. On entering the apartment early one morning five days after the scene described I found Lamont awaiting my coming.

"That man is here with the proofs," he said. "I have been waiting for you to come so that you could be present and be a witness that on receiving the package from him I did not open it."

He called the man to him and, receiving the package, said:

"I will take this to the Governor at once. Come with me."

At the same time he gestured to me to follow. The three of us went into the executive chamber, where Cleveland sat alone at his big desk. Lamont went to him, saying in a voice loud enough to be heard by all:

"The man is here with those proofs. Here they are."

He handed the package to Cleveland as he had received it. The Governor took it in his hand, asking at the same time:

"Is the man here?"

"Yes," replied Lamont, "in this room."

"Bring him to me," said Cleveland, calmly, as he tore the wrapping from the package.

Lamont brought the man to the Governor, who asked him to be seated. Then, holding the documents in his hand, the Governor asked:

"Are your proofs all here?"

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

"Yes, sir, all of them," replied the man.

"Do you substantiate by these papers or proofs all of the promises of your letter?"

"I am sure that you will say so if you will look the papers over," returned the man. "They are mostly certified copies of public records which, taken in their place, with one affidavit and three private letters, complete the whole story."

"Everything is here, then, and you are holding nothing in reserve?" persisted Cleveland.

"Nothing," replied the man, "and you will see that by running over the indorsements of the papers."

Cleveland did so and then he turned to Lamont and said:

"Arrange with this man a proper sum for his expenses, the time he has lost and his good will in the matter, and pay him."

Apparently it was not a difficult negotiation, for the man soon departed with Lamont's check, apparently more than well satisfied. In the meantime, Cleveland again ran over the indorsements of the papers but without opening any of them.

When the man was gone from the room Cleveland laid the papers on the desk before him and, taking from the private drawer of his desk some others, handed them to Lamont, saying:

"These are the ones you gave me the other day, are they not?"

Lamont said they were, giving them back to Cleveland, who held out his hand for them. Then, drawing a waste paper basket to him the Governor began to tear them into small bits, to the unbounded astonishment of Lamont and myself. When he had

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

finished that lot he took up the proofs brought that morning and destroyed them in the same manner. No words were spoken by any one until the Governor called a porter and directed him to burn in the fireplace the scraps of paper, standing over him to watch the process. When all were consumed he came back to where Lamont and I were standing, and said to Lamont:

“The other side can have a monopoly of all the dirt in this campaign.”

Then he talked about something else and so far as I am informed never referred to the matter again. Years after the event Colonel Lamont told me that Cleveland had never afterward alluded to the matter.

Some weeks after the man in question, perceiving that no use had been made of the matter which he had taken to Albany, through a mutual acquaintance, reached Senator A. P. Gorman, who was the chairman of the executive committee of the National Democratic Committee—that is to say, the campaign manager—to tell him of the communication to Mr. Cleveland. Senator Gorman knew nothing of it. He asked me if I had heard anything of the story.

Under the seal of confidence everything relating to the matter was told the Maryland Senator. He listened with intense interest to the conclusion of the tale. When it was finished he rose from his desk and, going to the mantelpiece, leaned on it in thought for a few moments. Then he said:

“The destruction of that proof was very noble and high minded in Mr. Cleveland. I don’t know

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

whether, in a similar position, attacked with slander as he has been, I could have reached the same elevated plane. Oh, but what a missed opportunity it was! In my hands, without publication or public exploitation of them, I could have used those papers diplomatically, to have made the other side eager to suppress the Halpin scandal, which has vexed us so and which will vex us to the end of the campaign."

A MYSTERIOUS FOREIGN MISSION



N the campaign of 1884, after the National Committee was organized, and at the suggestion of Senator A. P. Gorman, who, by virtue of being the chairman of the Executive Committee, was the campaign manager, I was appointed head of the literary department. This was a department which had nothing whatsoever to do with literature, though it was supposed to have supervision of the documents published by the committee. It was quickly apparent that Senator Gorman regarded the head thereof as one whom he could use in confidential missions.

It was in such employment that I came into one of the strangest experiences of my life. Senator Gorman was the pink of courtesy. He never issued a command. Everything was a request for assistance. "You can assist me very materially if you can do so and so," was his most frequent form of expression, sometimes varied with "The committee will be greatly obliged if you will do so and so." But he was a dull fellow who did not perceive that he took rank in the Senator's mind for efficiency from the quickness with which he saw, under the sugar coating of courtesy, an order to be promptly obeyed.

One afternoon in the latter part of August a messenger told me that Senator Gorman would like to see me in his room. Going there immediately, I found him intently reading a letter. He looked



ARTHUR PUE GORMAN

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

up pleasantly, and in a low voice, marked by his slight Southern accent, asked:

“Can you take a steamer for Europe to-morrow morning?”

Somewhat startled by the suddenness of the question, and confused, in an endeavor to think what possible mission relating to the campaign could take me to Europe, I hesitated a moment or two before I replied, the while the Senator watched me with a look of amusement on his face. Finally I said:

“I can, although it is rather short notice to prepare for an ocean voyage.”

“Everything that can be done in the way of preparation has been done—everything but the packing of your bag.”

“Very well,” I replied. “What am I to do?”

“Receive a package at Queenstown from a man who will cross the Continent of Europe to meet you there. Your chief effort will be to conceal your identity as much as possible—completely if you can. I want no one, no matter who, to know that you have set out for Europe. I want no one to know that you go to Queenstown—that you are in Queenstown when you are there, nor on your return that you have been in Queenstown. It is a mission of the extremest secrecy, and the secrecy is at the insistent request of the man you are to meet.”

I began to be interested.

“Who is this man?”

“You are not to know his name—that is, his real name. I know it, but it is at his request that it be concealed from everyone else. He will come to you

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

at the hotel in Queenstown and ask this question: 'You come here from Senator Gorman?' and you will reply: 'Yes, Mr. Brown.' Then he will hand you a package. He will recognize you, for your description has been forwarded to him."

My face must have expressed curiosity and amazement, for the Senator laughed as if he were greatly amused, and then he said:

"All this seems to be very mysterious. It is, and all of the mystery that perplexes you is the work of the man you are going to see. Even I can shed very little light on it at present. I know the man in question well, have known him many years, know his standing and consequence, know him so well that when he communicates with me and tells me that he has matter to place in my hands that will have a powerful influence on this campaign, I have the greatest respect for what he says and I recognize and try to comply with his desire for all secrecy in the transmission of the matter, the subject of which I do not now know. I think he has carried this matter of secrecy to unnecessary lengths. Especially when he requests that you will, in your journey, use an assumed name. However, if the matter is one-quarter so important as he says it is, all of this mystery will be justified."

"The mission is not a difficult one," I replied with a laugh. "All I have to do is to keep my mouth shut as to the journey and its object, suppress myself and convey to you safely a package. Romance would be added to the affair if there was to be someone on my track to rob me of the package."

"I shouldn't wonder," said the Senator, "if the

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

object of all this mystery on the part of our man is to avoid just that possibility."

As he handed me the steamer tickets, he said:

"The best that could be obtained for you has been gotten. It has been arranged that you may go aboard to-night. You will oblige us if you will keep to your stateroom to-morrow morning until the steamer has passed the Hook. I wish you a pleasant journey."

So it was that that night I slept on board the steamer and breakfasted the next morning in my stateroom.

The trip across was uneventful. Among the passengers there was none who manifested an undue interest in my existence, and so it was not difficult to conceal my identity. I was landed at Queenstown by means of the mail boat and immediately went to the designated hotel. Looking about I saw no one who seemed at all anxious to meet me or, indeed, seemed likely to be the person I had crossed the ocean to meet. So I secured a room and went to it. I had been in that room but a short time when there came a gentle tapping at the door. Opening it I saw a rather impressive-looking person of middle age, who said in a courteous tone: "You come here from Senator Gorman?" "Yes, Mr. Brown," I replied. "Come in."

He entered and waited for me to close the door. When that was done and, without seating himself, he took from an inner pocket a small package, literally covered with seals of red wax, and extended it to me. As I took it he said:

"I have the assurance that this packet will be

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

placed in the hands of Senator Gorman with each seal unbroken."

I placed the package in the inner pocket of my waistcoat and said in reply:

"It will remain where it is now, until I take it out in New York to deliver to Senator Gorman. Not a seal will be broken."

He bowed courteously and asked when I intended to return. On my saying that I would go on the first steamer I could, he told me that one would leave Liverpool that night and that I could board it at Queenstown the next morning. When he learned that I wished to do so he offered to assist me in securing a stateroom by telegraph and did so, indeed, taking all the trouble of it off my shoulders.

We dined and spent the evening together until a late hour. Never once from the time that he received my assurance that the seals of the package would not be broken did he allude to the matter. But I found him a most companionable person, evidently a citizen of the United States, very well informed as to public matters at home and, to me, extraordinarily well informed as to matters of the various countries of Europe, with a fund of most interesting gossip and anecdote of the conspicuous persons of England and Europe. But while all this was very delightful I yet felt that he was keeping close to me for purposes of espionage and did not propose that I should have communication with any other person. And the impression gained on me that he was in some way connected with the diplomatic service of the United States. He met me at breakfast and assisted me

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

to board the steamer, going out with me on the mail boat.

The return voyage was as uneventful as the outward bound passage. The list of passengers was small. I knew none of them and there was no one who manifested any special interest in me. Inside of nineteen days I was treading again the pavement of New York. It may not have been flattering to me to learn that my absence had hardly been noted. The first acquaintance I met said, as he looked at the little hand bag I carried:

"Hello, been away somewhere? I thought I had missed you for the last two or three days."

Two or three days! And I had crossed the ocean twice since he had last seen me!

I went at once to the room of Senator Gorman. He was alone when I entered. He welcomed me warmly and congratulated me on my quick trip. As I handed him the package I said:

"You will please observe that not a seal is broken. Mr. Brown was particularly insistent that the package should be delivered with unbroken seals."

"It is so delivered," said the Senator, as he tore off the outer covering and plunged into an examination of the contents.

Soon I was made aware that he was greatly excited by his reading.

As I watched him his agitation grew. He ejaculated from time to time, "This is awful!" Finally he looked up at me with a sternness I never before or afterward saw on his face and, emphasizing his words by pounding on his desk, said:

"No! No! No! Not for twenty Presidencies

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

will I precipitate such a scandal on the country. Why, it would make a war!"

He hurriedly wrapped up the matter in the original covering as he called for his secretary to bring him the sealing wax. Resealing the package he said:

"This must remain in the knowledge of the man who gave you this and myself. It is a duty I owe to humanity. If Mr. Cleveland cannot be elected without its use he must be defeated. I must put this in a place where it is safe from everybody."

Taking his hat he left the room hurriedly.

It was fully two years after the event that I ventured to speak of the matter to the Senator. Then it was in Washington. After saying that in view of the trip I had made to get the package I might be pardoned curiosity as to it, I asked if the time had come when the secret of it might be revealed.

"Oh, my God, no!" he cried, again showing signs of excitement. "I have concealed knowledge of it as I would that of an unknown crime I had committed. No eye will ever see that story."

When the Senator died I watched for some intimation that the mystery might be revealed in the thought that perhaps the package had been found among his papers. But there was none. Evidently he had destroyed the papers or returned them to the man who had sent them to him.

CONKLING'S HOSTILITY TO BLAINE



NE hot day, in the latter part of August, 1884, I was making a hurried passage from the office to the Hoffman House to Twenty-fourth street, New York, by short cut of the barroom, when I noticed Senator Roscoe Conkling; sitting with some friends at a table just outside the office door. As I passed he tipped back his chair and caught me by the lapel of my coat, pulling me down to say in a low tone:

“Keep your ear close to the ground and you will hear something drop.”

Without further remark he brought his chair again to all fours and continued his conversation with his companions.

It was a Delphic utterance which seemed to say much and yet said nothing. I was perplexed. Senator Conkling was an important figure of great consequence. He was not given to capricious remarks and weight was attached to his utterances, however oracular they might be. I knew that the statesman was assuming an indifference to the campaign, but that he was quietly supporting Cleveland and I had learned that more than once his suggestion and advice had reached the Cleveland managers by roundabout means. I ended my perplexity by determining to consult Senator Gorman.

When I told the Maryland statesman of the incident he laughed heartily for a while before he said:

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

"That is Conkling all over. He always shakes his rattles before he strikes. Of course you know that Conkling is with us, in sympathy at least. It is not because he loves Cleveland so much as it is that he hates Blaine with a consuming hatred. However, in this matter Conkling has something to communicate and he has chosen you as the means. Follow him up and see what he has got."

I went back to the Hoffman House to find that he had disappeared. On inquiry I was told that he had gone to the clubhouse of John Chamberlain in Twenty-sixth street. On following him there I had little difficulty in reaching him. After attentively hearing me say that I supposed there was something back of his remark which was of importance, and which I had not been able to comprehend, and that he might be willing to give me a little more light on the matter, he questioned me as to my exact relations with the Democratic National Committee. Then, without comment, he went to a desk in the corner of the room, and taking his own card, wrote on it an address with a word at the bottom of it which evidently was a cipher word. Certainly it was cryptic to me. The address was that of a building in Wall street, and the name one I had never heard or seen, nor have I ever heard it since. As the Senator handed me the card he said:

"That will shed light on the road you are to travel."

On reaching the address I found it to be that of one of those old-fashioned three-story buildings which have since been displaced by skyscrapers. I had some difficulty in finding the man I was in search of. When I did find him, he was in an office

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

on the top floor, on the door of which there was no sign indicating the name of the occupant or of the business done behind it. I entered this room in response to a call of "Come" after my rap on the door, to find an elderly man of astounding thinness and a young man busily engaged in writing something. I inquired for the one who bore the name on Senator Conkling's card, and was told by the thin, elderly person that he was the individual I was seeking. As introducing my business I handed him the card. He read it carefully and then nodded to the young man, who got up from his desk and went out.

There was a tone of irritation in his voice when he spoke to me:

"He should not have sent you to me. He ought to know that I can't give the address of the custodian, and that I don't want to be mixed up with it."

This was not encouraging. While I was endeavoring to think what I could say in response to words that conveyed no intelligence to me he tore Senator Conkling's card into small bits and threw them into the wastebasket. Then he turned to his desk and wrote something on the paper before him, the while I stood in the center of the room trying to size up his profession. When he had finished he handed me the slip of paper on which he had been writing, saying:

"Go to that man, he knows."

Examining it, I saw the name of another man whom I had never heard of before, and his address was at the corner of Broadway and Chambers street, in a building which by this time has also

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

gone the way of brick and mortar. At the bottom of the slip was the same cipher word.

To this new man I went at once. On finding his office, I entered a large room in which were engaged a number of clerks. Preferring my request to see the person whose name was on the paper I bore, I was asked my business with him. This was something I could not tell, for I did not know, but I answered that I came from Mr. Blank on a personal matter. I was soon taken to a small inner room, where I found a man of middle age, evidently of abounding vitality and energetic ways. He greeted me with an imperative "Well, sir," which was apparently not intended to be offensive. I handed him the slip of paper I had received in Wall street. He looked at me with a sharp, quick look, saying as he did so, "Then they are moving, are they?" In a few well-directed and searching questions he ran me down through Senator Conkling to the National Committee and my connection with it.

"You will have to go to Boston," he said, as he tore up the slip of paper. On his own card he wrote the name and address of a man in that city and at the bottom these words, as nearly as I now recall them:

"This is all right. You can hand the matter to him. He is well indorsed by our friends and is to be trusted."

As he handed me the card, he said:

"You'll get from him what you're after."

This was encouraging at least. It conveyed the assurance that I was after something and that was something I had not known before. Nevertheless I was not in a happy frame of mind. It seemed to

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

me that I was being made game of. With this card, I went to Senator Gorman, saying that it appeared to me that I was the victim of a joke similar to that played on April Fool's Day—"Send the fool farther."

Senator Gorman, greatly amused, laughed heartily, ending his laugh with this remark:

"Conkling moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform."

Again he laughed heartily, evidently quite as much amused at my irritation as by anything else. Finally he said:

"You and I seem to meet with mysterious incidents. When I was a boy there was a game we used to play called "Follow your leader." I think you will have to follow your leader, even if it takes you to Boston. We'll see the thing out to the end."

So the next day saw me in Boston, where I presented my card to a very cautious lawyer, who questioned me quite severely before he tore up the card as the others had done. When he had finished that bit of ceremony, he went to the safe in the corner of his room and took from it a package that was fully a foot long, nine inches wide and two inches thick.

"What will you do with this when it goes into your keeping?" he asked.

"Open it and find out what it is all about," I replied.

"That will not do," he said, sharply. "I will not give this to you unless I have the assurance that it will go unopened into the hands of Senator Gorman."

I gave him the assurance he desired, tucked the package under my arm and went back to New

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

York, where I laid it, unopened, before Mr. Gorman. At the time he was presiding over a meeting of the Executive Committee. As he took it, he said:

“Something has come of your trip, then? I’ll talk about it with you later.”

But he never did. I was plunged immediately in a matter which at the time seemed to be of much greater importance than mysterious packages, and the whole thing went out of my head. But, some time later, when the papers were filled with the second batch of the Mulligan letters, I exclaimed to myself:

“Ah ha! What I brought back from Boston was the second batch of the Mulligan letters.”

And I have believed so ever since, though I do not know it for a fact. Once I expressed that belief to Senator Gorman, but he merely smiled.

THE PHRASE THAT COST BLAINE THE PRESIDENCY



HE "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion" incident was the turning point in the campaign of 1884. On Wednesday, October 29, 1884, less than a week before the election, I met Senator Gorman as he descended the stairs from his room in the National Democratic Headquarters. He was dull, gloomy and wearied in manner, quite the reverse of his buoyant habit. As he reached the bottom step he said:

"I want to get away into the fresh air for a short time. I'm going to ride through Central Park and I want a companion. Come with me."

As we rode by the corner of Twenty-fourth street and Broadway we saw a number of ministers on the sidewalk. The Senator directed my attention to them and laughed rather bitterly:

"Going to see Blaine," he said. "An imitation of the Brooklyn incident. The Republican managers think that that ministerial visitation to Cleveland in Brooklyn was prearranged, and that it was sharp politics. As a matter of fact, it was no pre-arrangement at all. It was a case of interference with an arranged programme the conduct of which was in the hands of the Brooklyn managers. They were much put out by it. I had a good deal of trouble in getting them to acquiesce in the disarrangement after the ministerial movement was started. The visit to Cleveland was a spontaneous move-

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

ment; this one to Blaine is an organized movement. The two incidents well describe the two campaigns. The characteristic of the Cleveland campaign is its spontaneity; that of the Blaine campaign is its almost perfect organization."

"And spontaneity will win?" I asked.

The Senator smiled shrewdly as he replied:

"Usually organization wins."

We rode up Fifth avenue in silence for some time, the Senator apparently having nothing weightier on his mind than his enjoyment of the crisp October air. Suddenly he said:

"Colonel Lamont has returned the New York canvass sheets with his report."

"I did not know that they had been sent to him," I replied.

"Yes; at Manning's suggestion," he went on. "Manning seems to have great confidence in Lamont's knowledge and judgment."

"He has reason to," I said. "No man in the state is better informed as to its political conditions than Lamont, and he is one who looks on things as they are and not as he would like them to be. What is his report?"

"It does not differ in any essential way from your examination of the same sheets or from your conclusions," said the Senator.

"And that was that our own canvass showed a plurality of 63,000 for Blaine in the counties outside of New York and Kings," I said.

"He marks it up a little bit higher," replied the Senator, and continuing he said: "The outlook is not comforting. Everything depends on New York. We can carry the country only by

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

carrying this state. Kings promises us 20,000 plurality for Cleveland, but my best advices are not to count on more than 15,000. New York promises 60,000, but I am warned not to count on more than 40,000. Tammany is playing for the control of the city. It is convinced that Cleveland cannot carry the state, and it will trade him in its contest with the County Democracy."

"That means that Cleveland will be at least 5,000 behind in the whole state," I mournfully commented.

"It means that Cleveland will be beaten in the nation," replied the Senator, bitterly. "I have felt that for some time. I regret exceedingly that I permitted myself to be persuaded to take charge of this campaign. I yielded against all my intuitions. I came away from my first visit to Cleveland in Albany, after I had consented to take charge, feeling that I had made the mistake of my life."

That this frank talk on the part of the leader should have plunged me, ardent supporter of Cleveland, into deep gloom, is not surprising. My own information had led me to believe that the contest in New York would be close, but I had had an abiding faith that we would pull through. This glimpse of the mind of the leader made me despair. We rode back in a silence punctuated by these remarks by Senator Gorman: "I do not know that we would have done better with another candidate." "It is a very difficult matter to turn a party out of power, for it has all the advantages." "It has been a scandalous campaign, with credit to nobody on either side," and "Cleveland has not been an easy man to

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

handle, and I think I see that he would not be easy if he were put in the presidential office."

As we stopped at the headquarters the Senator said: "Of course what I have said is confidential. I shall keep up my whistling until I have passed the graveyard. Come with me to my room. I want to go to West Virginia as soon as I can. There are some matters to be attended to on Friday and Saturday that I must turn over to you for execution."

We were engaged on these matters when we heard some one come up the stairs in great haste. In a moment Colonel John Tracey, the head of the newspaper bureau, plunged into the room so much out of breath by reason of his haste and excitement that he could not speak—could only point to pages of the papers he had. Gorman took the papers from his hand, and on reading the words pointed out straightened up with a start and earnestly read the context. The words pointed out were "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion."

A word here in explanation: It was the practice of the news bureau of the committee to send a stenographer to take a verbatim report of all Republican functions that were open to the public. The same practice as to Democratic functions was followed by the Republican news bureau. In pursuance of this practice a stenographer had attended the ministerial visit to Blaine at the Fifth Avenue Hotel and had taken down the speeches made by the Rev. Dr. Burchard and by Mr. Blaine. Returning to his desk he had written out the report and turned it over to Colonel Tracey, who ran it over in the hope that he might find something to

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

feed out to the newspapers. He had come upon the words and had instantaneously appreciated their tremendous significance.

As Senator Gorman ran over the pages of Blaine's speech he asked:

"Is this a verbatim report?"

"Every word uttered is there," replied Colonel Tracey.

"Surely," said Gorman sternly, "Blaine met this remark?"

"That is the astounding thing," said Tracey, excitedly. "He made no reference to the words. I have confirmed that fact."

A Catholic Irishman (Tracey) and a Protestant Irishman (Gorman) with the desk between them, stood looking into each other's eyes in a mutual realization, each from his own angle of view, of the tremendous possibilities that lay in the phrase, soon to become so famous. Finally, Senator Gorman spoke, his voice cracking like the snap of a whip:

"This sentence must be in every daily newspaper in the country to-morrow, no matter how, no matter what it costs. Organize for that immediately, Colonel Tracey. And it must be kept alive for the rest of the campaign."

As Colonel Tracey left the room with full powers, Senator Gorman said:

"If anything will elect Cleveland these words will do it. It is amazing that a man so quick witted as Blaine, accustomed to think on his feet and to meet surprising changes in debate, should not have corrected the thing on the spot. It is too late now. He cannot deal with it at all. The advantages are now with us. For the first time we are able to meet

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

that intrigue to excite religious prejudices against Cleveland. There will be a stampede of the alienated back to Cleveland. God grant that it may be in sufficient volume to turn the tide to Cleveland."

That night was a busy night at headquarters. The wires were kept hot with carrying the dispatches, the letters, the editorials from New York to the farthest corner of the country. Dispatches that would not excite political suspicion or political animosities went to Republican papers. Correspondence that contained the color desired went to Democratic papers. It was anything to get the fateful sentence before the public. Senator Gorman did not go to West Virginia until late in the week, for he stayed to direct the employment of the weapon which, as he said to Edward Cooper, "Providence, in its infinite mercy, had placed in the hands of the Democrats."

In two days time the stampede was apparent. The Republicans were helpless before it. They realized that more damage was likely to result from explanation than from allowing it to take its course.

So it was that the State of New York, which on the Wednesday before the election the leader of the campaign was willing to admit was lost by at least 5,000 was carried by 1,047. How accurate were the canvasses made by Senator Gorman is seen in the fact that Kings gave 15,729 plurality and New York City 43,064 for Cleveland, and the counties outside gave Blaine 57,746. It was close enough in all conscience sake and justified the apprehensions entertained by Senator Gorman before the election and his belief after it that the "Rum,

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

Romanism and Rebellion" incident had tipped the scale to Cleveland.

Charges were made almost immediately that the incident was the result of a conspiracy on the part of the Democratic leaders. This was wholly untrue, for the good reason that no Democrat knew that Dr. Burchard was going to speak any more than Dr. Burchard knew himself. I had this on the testimony of Mr. Blaine.

In the late spring of the following year of 1885 I was in Washington. Wandering about for a walk, I found myself opposite the Blaine residence at a moment when Mr. Blaine came from his house to take the carriage awaiting him. I saluted him by raising my hat as I passed him, a salute which he courteously returned, without at the moment recognizing me. But in an instant that great memory of his was at work. He called me by name and as we met he said:

"I've been wanting to meet you ever since Chauncey Depew told me what you had told him about that unfortunate Burchard incident. Have you any objection to telling it to me?"

I had none whatsoever, so he asked me to go into the house with him, and taking me to the library made me comfortable with a cigar. I related the story as I have here told it and answered a number of questions he put as to it, and when I had finished he said:

"I never took any stock in the story that it was a conspiracy. In fact, I knew it could not have been unless fortune had played into the hands of the Democrats in a most marvelous manner. On that occasion there were two different bodies of

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

ministerial visitors between whom there was friction, which at the time I did not know. When they learned that they must be received together the question arose which body should furnish the spokesman. The matter was referred to me. The fact has been impressed on me again that no matter of difference is unimportant. I treated the matter as if it were unimportant by saying let the oldest clergyman present be the spokesman. The oldest happened to be the Rev. Dr. Burchard, who had not dreamed of officiating in any way. That is the way the man who was loaded with that dynamite was chosen. He, himself, hardly knew what he was going to say. Well, you Democrats made a very cruel and efficient use of the blunder, which cost the Republican party a Presidency. We had a perfectly working machine and this man came along with a crowbar and threw it into the middle of the machine. Then everything went to pieces."

With some hesitancy I asked Mr. Blaine how it was that he did not meet the remark at the time.

"I never heard it," he replied promptly. "I had been up late the night before at a dinner and got up rather late that morning. I was so busy with important callers that I had not given even a moment's thought to what I should say. So while Burchard was talking I was trying to arrange some thought and did not hear him."

It is a curious fact that the next youngest clergyman present, and only by a few days, was the Rev. Father Sylvester Malone of Brooklyn. Had he been six days older than he was the offensive words would not have been uttered in a place where they could have done so much harm.



DANIEL SCOTT LAMONT

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

ELECTION NIGHT TELEGRAMS CAUGHT ON THE WING



LECTION DAY in 1884 was reached by a few with doubt and misgiving. But the few were those who possessed all the knowledge of political conditions in the State of New York an almost perfect organization could give them and who were associated as well in control of the Democratic machinery. The situation was figured down to a single point. If the State of New York were carried for Cleveland he would be the next President. If it were not carried for Cleveland, Blaine would reign for the next four years.

The canvass sheets of all the counties outside of Kings and New York, kept under secret lock and key, were not encouraging. The closest and lowest estimate gave Blaine 63,000. If Kings and New York could not together run up more than 65,000, on the information before the leaders the day would be lost for Cleveland. It was true that 85,000 was promised from these counties, but Hugh McLaughlin had told Mr. Manning that while the Kings County canvass showed something more than 20,000, his own information led him to believe that 17,000 would not be reached. To deepen the gloom there was the distrust of Tammany.

The one gleam of hope was the "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion" incident. It was having some effect. That was made plain by advices from all parts of the state that voters who during the cam-

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

paign had been in open antagonism to Cleveland had, under the influence of the incident, shifted back to Democratic affiliation. But in what measure the shift had taken place could not be ascertained. It was too late even to think of organizing to obtain the exact knowledge.

Of course these leaders kept their forebodings and their doubts to themselves. The rank and file were buoyant and enthusiastic. Nothing was permitted to be said that would in any degree moderate their enthusiasm or lessen their confidence in the ultimate result. On the Saturday previous to the election it was loudly and widely asserted by Republicans, as an offset to the possible effect of the Burchard utterance, that the Republican committee had direct information that the Democratic canvass gave the State of New York to Blaine.

As there were but two persons who had dealt with the canvass sheets as a whole, one of whom was Colonel Daniel S. Lamont, and the other myself, it was certain that the two were somewhat disturbed over the assertions. But as the analyses of the canvass sheets and the deductions of these two had been under consideration by the executive committee, the leak, if there was one, was to be found in a circle of about ten. Each one felt that the suspicions of the other reached him. Finally on the night of Saturday, a member of the committee admitted that, on Friday night, in confidence, and behind the closed doors of his club, he had said that the canvass of the state was not as promising as he could wish. The admission was such a relief to all that no one felt like criticising.

On Election Day, however, while the vote was

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

being cast there was greater freedom of expression. But none of the fears and apprehensions were allowed to reach Governor Cleveland. He awoke on the great day with an abiding faith that the verdict would be in his favor.

I left New York for Albany on Election Day on the call of Colonel Lamont, who wished to be informed as to the latest developments, to reach him in the afternoon. In the course of the conversation he said:

"Experience teaches me that when Election Day comes everybody who has been in the work of the campaign scampers home, leaving the headquarters uncovered. I have determined to take charge here in Manning's name, Manning, of course, consenting. In anticipation of this I had copies of the records of the committee sent me here. I ask you to help me in this if occasion for work should arise."

Giving him the means by which he could call me quickly, I went to my dinner. After the polls had closed I went to the office of the superintendent of public works, where, as I knew, a private wire had been placed, and sat down to listen to the returns. I did not go to the Executive Mansion, where a wire had been run in for the night, although Lamont had asked me to be present. All work having been ended, apparently, and nothing left to do but to wait for the verdict, I had gone down into the depths. I despaired as to the result, and did not wish to be a witness of the deep disappointment which, I was convinced, was to be the portion of those gathered there.

As usual, the earliest definite returns were from Kings and New York counties. They were a bitter

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

disappointment. The former gave less than 16,000 and the latter less than 44,000. This meant a total of little more than 59,000, while the Democratic canvass gave at least 63,000 to Blaine in the state outside of those two counties. It looked like Blaine by a plurality of 4,000. The little gathering was plunged into gloom. Later, the returns from the interior began to come in. They were more favorable than had been hoped. They indicated that Blaine would not have more than 50,000 in the state outside of Kings and New York. Spirits rose, for now a plurality of 10,000 for Cleveland was indicated. We became jubilant. At that moment there was a call for me to go to the Executive Mansion, at once, to see Lamont. On reaching him he asked:

“You have seen the returns?”

“Yes,” I replied. “New York and Brooklyn are a disappointment, but we are gaining on our canvass in the state, so that it looks like 10,000 for us.”

“I’m afraid,” he returned, biting his moustache as was his habit when nervous. “Do you know from what part of the state the returns have come so far?”

“No,” I replied. “They came in the usual way. So many districts out of a total, and so on.”

“The Associated Press figures,” he said. “I have had private telegrams and know the districts. That is what frightens me. They are all from the strongest Democratic districts. What will be the result when the Republican districts come in? Now see here. There is a recent law which permits a candidate or an organization to have a representative at each polling place, and which also provides

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

that the counting shall be begun immediately after the closing of the polls, and, when the counting is done, the certificates of the returns shall be made out and sealed up, one copy of which shall be filed with the county clerk within twenty-four hours. The law has never been observed heretofore, and some time ago I got the state committee to appoint a man for each polling place, a lawyer if possible, to watch the count. It was done, and I have here the list. Now, I have written a circular telegram, over Manning's name, which I want to go to each man. It merely asks them to watch the count closely. Will you take it to the telegraph office, see that it is not delayed, and put it on as many wires as you can get? That means that you will have to group these names at discretion."

As I went out on this mission I passed the door of the room in which was seated Cleveland, surrounded by friends, all of them jubilant, including the presidential candidate. He saw me and called out:

“Come in and be sociable.”

“I have some work to do, Governor,” I replied.

“Mr. President! Mr. President!” cried out the others in jubilant correction.

“Oh,” exclaimed the Governor, “you and Lamont think you work! But the work is all over. Shouting time is here. Come in and shout.”

“No,” I said, “‘Totherer governor’ has got me on a job.”

This was a term borrowed from Dickens which I often applied to Lamont, much to Cleveland's amusement.

My mission was performed in a short time, and

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

thus by the foresight of Lamont the whole state was covered. Returning to the Executive Mansion I found a stranger at the door, begging for an interview with Governor Cleveland or Colonel Lamont, insisting that he had a communication of the greatest importance, and which he would give to no one else. The doorkeepers were not disposed to listen to him. Unknown men by tens, with similar requests, were besieging the door. As the man became the more insistent the doorkeeper became the more determined that he should not pass. Something about the man impressed me with his sincerity. I interfered to the extent of asking him if he could not give me an inkling of his business, promising him that if he had real business with the Colonel I would obtain for him an interview with Lamont.

"Well," he said, after a quick, shrewd glance at my face as he could see it under the lamp of the porch, "I am a telegraph operator, and standing in a telegraph office I heard a message go over the wire that I want to tell the proper person about."

I waited no longer, but hurried him in to Colonel Lamont, who immediately gave ear to him. As he did so, I turned to find that the atmosphere of jubilation had departed. It had changed to that of doubt and apprehension. A short time after the Colonel came to me in what was for him unusual excitement, and said:

"That man says that he heard a message go from Republican headquarters in New York to several points in the upper parts of the state and the Far West parts, telling somebody to go slow about finishing up the count; that the vote was uncom-

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

fortably close, and that further information and instructions must be awaited. That means work for us. We must inform all our watchers that they must see that the count is finished, sealed up and filed to-morrow by noon at the offices of the county clerks, according to law. We will go over to the Executive Chamber, where my lists are. The 10,000 lead is wasting very fast. Our best figures now are less than 5,000. Perhaps we can save enough to make a plurality."

It was an all-night job, for there were in that year, at least, 2,000 polling places. All through the anxious hours of that night we were in communication with 2,000 men. Many of our watchers increased our labors by putting up new questions and asking instructions. The sun of the new day was shining over the east front of the Capitol when we dragged our weary selves out of the great stone building and bought a morning newspaper on the street to read the claim that Cleveland had carried the state by 1,200.

"If that is so, Dan," I said, "then your work this night did the trick. Your quick wit prevented them from reversing the figures."

"I guess," he said, slowly, "the credit goes to that telegraph operator who gave us the timely warning and information. And I got neither his name nor his address. He gave me such a fright that I forgot to ask it."

"When he reads the figures he'll turn up, never fear," I said with a laugh as I went off to my bath and breakfast. Whether he did or not I never knew.

The final record was that Cleveland carried the

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

state by a plurality of 1,047 in a total vote of 1,171,-263—about one-ninth of 1 per cent.

To those at the seat of knowledge the figures demonstrated that, in the State of New York, the effect of the Rum, Romanism and Rebellion incident was the shifting of about 3,500 votes to Cleveland in the last six days of the campaign. The shift to Cleveland, however, was much greater. For some occult reason, never fully understood, as this disaffected vote came back, a proportion of the German vote which had been in support of Cleveland during all of the campaign, under the influence of Carl Schurz, went back to former Republican affiliations. The return of the wanderers was sufficient to overcome the German desertion and give the plurality to Cleveland. In short, there was a strange change of front in the last six days of that memorable campaign.

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

GROVER CLEVELAND'S RESOLVE



N the day after the election in 1884 Blaine sent from Maine his famous dispatch, "Claim everything!" Thereupon the Republican committee insisted that Blaine had carried all of the doubtful states—Connecticut, Indiana, New Jersey, New York and West Virginia. It even claimed Virginia, which was in no measure of doubt. The Democratic committee put forward similar claims and, as the end showed, with greater justification.

In the developments of the day the Democrats received the assurances that four of the doubtful states were safe for Cleveland—Connecticut, New Jersey, Indiana and West Virginia. New York was genuinely in doubt and was claimed by both sides, by figures ranging from 5,000 to 10,000, but in their heart of hearts the leaders knew that the result in New York would turn on a few hundreds.

The excitement was intense: On the second day after election it broke out in demonstrations. The Blaine telegram proved to be the last of the series of blunders that had marked Mr. Blaine's conduct of his own campaign. The Democratic rank and file accepted it as the basis of an attempt at a repetition of "the fraud of 1876" and anger possessed that rank and file. Men of large affairs laid aside their business matters and gathered at the Democratic headquarters, standing by the hour, with

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

hundreds of others, anxiously awaiting any driblet of news that would help to end the suspense.

Had the Republicans estimated rightly that demonstration at the Democratic headquarters they would have perceived the meaning of the presence there of bankers and merchants who had supported Blaine, but who now, for the sake of the peace of the country, were anxious that the election should be settled without a contest that would disturb economic conditions. In the meantime, the more excitable were parading the streets with brooms over their shoulders, cheering for Cleveland and, as they marched, the procession grew until it became unmanageable. And they marched to the refrain of "Cleveland to the White House goes, goes, goes." Then they took to marching and countermarching before the Republican headquarters, shouting in unison, "No fraud. Fair count!" followed by prolonged howls that were like the multiplied screams of the wild beasts of the forests, fearful to listen to. The rioting point was approached and the police organized for an outbreak. What was true of New York City was true of every interior city of the state in a modified degree.

On the day after election, in the late afternoon, Colonel Lamont sent for me to meet him in the Executive Chamber in Albany. He took me into an inner room and, handing me several sheets of paper covered with figures, said:

"Do me the favor of going over those figures to see if you can find any flaws in the calculations or in the reasoning."

I turned to the last sheet and read the last line: "Cleveland's plu. 1,612."

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

I looked up in surprise and apprehension to Lamont. He answered the look by saying:

"It is not the best I can do; it is the worst."

"It is dangerously close," I replied. "Too close for comfort."

"The result cannot now be definitely settled short of the county canvasses," said Lamont.

"And," returned I, "in fifty of the sixty counties the canvasses are in the hands of the enemy."

"You have put your finger on the exact spot of our weakness," replied Lamont with a sardonic grin. "A change of twenty-five votes, on the average, on those figures, in each county would give Blaine the state by 500."

"What does the Governor think of the situation?" I asked.

"He doesn't know anything about these figures. I haven't dared to show them to him. I don't know what he would do, but I know very well what I want to do. But go over them and let me know."

In due course of time I returned the sheets to Lamont, with the remark that, while I had found nothing in the arithmetic that made essential changes, I questioned whether he had not been too liberal in his estimate for Blaine.

"As a basis for the work that must be done it is better to be under than over," said Lamont.

I suggested that he should write as the last line what would be the result of a change of twenty-five votes in each county. After he had done so, and, as he handed the papers back to me, he said:

"You keep those figures. I have a copy of them. Now," he continued, talking very seriously and earnestly, "I have sent, in the name of Manning,

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

to each one of our county chairmen to send in the names of five reputable lawyers of ability who, on retainer, will be willing to stay on the job from now until the canvass is completed, studying the figures and watching the count."

"You're magnificent, Dan," I exclaimed. "You retain 300 lawyers in a bunch."

"It must be done, and it's worth it," he replied seriously. "I have persuaded Manning to reconvene the State Committee in New York to-morrow. There must be an organization of this legal force made at once; a strong lawyer, like Stetson, for instance, must draw a bill of instructions for its procedure. This will be expensive and a large sum must be raised. There must be daily proclamations of our confidence and a reiteration of our determination that we will not permit ourselves to be defrauded."

Then the eyes of the calm, reserved and self-contained Lamont snapped with an unusual fire as he said:

"We have won this fight, and by the living God we'll hold it!"

In the course of an intimacy extended over a period of twenty-five years, lasting until the day of his death, I never, before or afterward, heard so vigorous an expression fall from his lips, or one even approaching the profane. No man ever walked the earth who was cleaner in speech than he. He recovered himself in a moment and said quietly:

"Manning wants you to go with him to New York on the early train to-morrow, so that, if necessary, you can explain the details of those figures and of the plan I have studied out."

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

"You should go yourself, Dan," I said. "The plan is yours."

"No," he replied, "Cleveland would not consent. He has peculiar notions as to his relation to this campaign, and he thinks that I am too closely identified with him to take any open or public part in it. You must go and I will come over to your house to-night after dinner and go over the details of the plan with you."

The plan was executed as Lamont had conceived. It was successful. Fraud was made impossible under it. Acute lawyers sat at each canvassing board and instructed the Democratic representatives in the board as to their rights and initiated the protests that prevented deviations from the strict letter of the law.

There were ten anxious days of this post-campaign. And they were exciting ones. The almost frantic claims of the Republicans and the determined stand of the Democrats served equally to send up the thermometer of public feeling to blood heat. There were demonstrations all along the line and a notable one was against the Western Union, under the belief that the corporation had been used by Jay Gould against Cleveland. It had the effect of driving that financier to take refuge on his yacht, the Atalanta, lying in the Hudson River, and induced him to send, in advance of the settlement of the issue, a dispatch of congratulation to Cleveland.

During these anxious and exciting days Cleveland set himself industriously to the work of his office. Apparently he took no interest in the later campaign. He never made inquiries as to it. He asked no questions as to the changes that took

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

place from day to day. If anyone spoke to him on the subject he listened attentively, but made no comment. But he was very sober in his demeanor. His frame of mind was serious. There were none of those touches of humor with which, in normal times, he was wont to enliven his intercourse with his intimates. There was a portentous frown on his face most of the time.

Each day as it passed convinced the Democratic leaders that Cleveland would have a plurality of not less than 1,100, and one after another of the conspicuous supporters of Blaine were making public acquiescence in the election of Cleveland. But the radical Blaine element would not give up. First among Mr. Blaine's champions was the New York Tribune, which daily voiced its belief in his election and flew from the masthead its Blaine flag.

It was on the tenth day of this after-campaign, I think, that I found myself alone with some work in the room just in the rear of the large Executive Chamber. It was in this room that the telephone was placed. I was interrupted by the ringing of the bell. Answering it I found that the call had come from the Evening Journal editorial rooms. The purpose was to inform Governor Cleveland that the New York Tribune had hauled down its flag and had, at last, acquiesced in the election of Cleveland to the Presidency. The last stand had given away and now there was no opposition anywhere.

I hastened into the larger room to give Cleveland the glad news. He was alone, and listened to my rather excited communication. His face cleared. Then he said:

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

"I am very glad to hear it. I am more than glad that they yield peaceably."

He swung his chair so as to face me. And on his stern face I saw the whole of the indomitable spirit that animated the man. With a force that was to me almost overwhelming he said:

"For in any event I should have felt it my duty to take the office of the President of the United States on the fourth of next March."

THE "IFS" IN THE CLEVELAND
CAMPAIGN

NE night in the latter part of November, 1884, or it might have been in the very early December days, four men were seated in the inner room of the Executive Chamber at Albany. One was Colonel Daniel S. Lamont, calm, reserved and self-contained, but elated. Another was Wilson S. Bissell of Buffalo, called "Shan" by his intimates, Postmaster General under Cleveland in his second term, big of frame, which was liberally covered with flesh, usually phlegmatic, but, on that night, bubbling over with joy over the success of his old law partner, Cleveland. Another was Edgar K. Apgar, then Deputy Treasurer of the state, small, spare, nervous, mercurial and talkative, in extraordinary contrast to Bissell. The fourth was the writer.

All were elated, each after his own manner. The county canvasses had been completed. A plurality for Cleveland was assured, small as it was. Between the casting of the vote by the electors was only the state canvassing board, and it was certain that it would not change in any material degree the figures. So all were jubilant and happy. The reckless mood of Lamont was to be seen in the fact that he had taken from the table a cigar and while finger-ing it as a strange thing was contemplating the possibilities of a resort to the matchsafe under the

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

impulse of taking a closer part in the jubilant occasion.

Three were there as a matter of habit. The exception was Bissell. For the greater part of that year there had been nightly an informal gathering in that room presided over, or, rather, directed by Lamont. In this room the preliminary campaign which led up to Saratoga, where Cleveland was made an avowed candidate for the nomination at Chicago, had been planned, directed and carried out. After the nomination there had been nightly sessions at which the situation was discussed, the conduct of the campaign criticised, suggestions for further work made and weighed. The nights no sessions were held were when Cleveland worked in the chamber. After the election the post-campaign was organized and directed in that room. So when the work was all over and there was nothing to be done there was yet left for a few the habit of gathering there. On this occasion Bissell was present as the guest of Lamont. It was Bissell who set the pace of the conversation by saying:

"I was in New York yesterday and had a talk with Abram S. Hewitt. During its course he said: 'Destiny has pointed the way for that man Cleveland.' It is truly wonderful, this progress of 'Grove' to the highest distinction. From the time that we set him on foot in Buffalo for the nomination for Governor, through that enormous plurality of 193,000 to the great office of President it has been one steady, straightforward march to the successful end."

Lamont threw up his head with a quick, sharp look at Bissell, his face expressive of surprise, but

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

before he could speak Apgar broke in with the remark:

“You are a big man, Bissell, physically and mentally, but if you are under the impression that during this year of 1884 it has been for Cleveland one straightforward, triumphal, unimpeded march you are away off.”

Bissell looked at Apgar in blank astonishment, finally saying:

“I do not understand you.”

“I mean,” said Apgar, “that Cleveland has been carried to the Presidency by a series of the smallest chances which, to use one of your lawyer phrases, in a long and varied career as a politician, it has been my fortune to observe.”

Bissell turned to Lamont evidently bewildered.

“Apgar is quite right,” said Lamont, quietly. “Our friend here,” indicating me, “can give you the details of those small chances, especially those by which we got out of Saratoga with credit for Cleveland, for he, as I know by what Manning said to me, was Manning’s instrument in the most difficult and delicate parts of the manipulation of that Saratoga Convention.”

Bissell turned to me with an inquiring face and finally said: “I should like to hear about those small chances.”

“Well,” I replied, “the first small chance was the state convention itself. Manning did not have a working majority. Only the most liberal figuring gave us five majority. The reason of this was that in the delay in giving out the programme to our friends, caused by Tilden’s reticence, a number of county leaders had become annoyed and let their

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

election of delegates go by default. Flower was on the ground with a strong organization to obtain the delegation to Chicago, and armed with a resolution of instruction to the delegates to Chicago to vote for him which he hoped to persuade the state convention to pass. The one advantage Manning had was the control of the state committee and his ability to effect through it the temporary organization of the state convention. It was the skillful use of that power which enabled us to get away with the impression on the party that a Cleveland sentiment had dominated the convention. The Flower people sought a test vote which would show their strength. Manning evaded a test vote. The shortest corner he was called upon to turn was in the Monroe contest. That was turned by setting out of the convention one of our stanch friends, George Raines, with his delegation, and seating Purcell, one of Cleveland's bitterest enemies. It meant also the loss of two delegates to Chicago."

"And he did this on your advice," interposed Lamont.

"Cady Herrick, who was chairman of the committee on credentials, did it on my advice, and Manning acquiesced in it.

"I had learned that in the event of the contested seats committee's seating Raines, a minority report for Purcell would be presented and that for that minority report not less than forty delegates, counted as Cleveland men, would vote. In such an event the control of the convention would pass from Manning and Cleveland would be beaten as a presidential candidate. The other people would then be able to get a resolution through, instructing the delegation to

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

vote for Flower. By this device and not permitting a resolution of instruction for Cleveland to be offered, all test votes were avoided and the Flower people were not able to show their strength. When the convention adjourned the idea went abroad that the delegation chosen to Chicago was a Cleveland delegation."

"But it was not a Cleveland delegation when the state convention adjourned," said Lamont.

"No," I replied. "The next day Mr. Manning said that there were eight doubtful men on the delegation and that he was six short of a majority. That made the second small chance. Even in Chicago, on the day the delegation was to meet to determine what candidate it would vote for as a unit under the Democratic precedent, Cleveland was two short of a majority. These two men were not captured until within an hour of the time of the meeting. Had they not been captured, then Flower would have gotten away with the vote, Cleveland's name would not have been presented to the national convention, and he would not now be the President-elect."

"Manning told me," said Lamont, "that when he went into the meeting room of the delegation he was by no means sure that the two would hold true. It was not until the vote was finally cast that he felt sure."

"Well," I said, "that was the smallest chance of all—and but few know how desperately small it was. The next small chance was that attempted stampede in Chicago, organized by 'Ben' Butler, Thomas A. Hendricks and John Kelly. By the small chance of a person, to whom a part of the intrigue had been committed for execution leaking to Manning, the

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

latter was enabled to organize a campaign, in the early hours of the morning, to warn all of our friends and acquaintances in the convention of what was to be expected and to charge them not to be carried off their feet. Had not the element of surprise thus been taken out of the attempt, and had the stampede broken unexpectedly on the delegates, it is quite likely that it would have been successful, for it was well organized and skilfully executed.

“The ‘ifs’ of the campaign,” I continued, “shall not count in this talk, and so we may jump to the ‘Rum, Romanism and Rebellion’ incident. On the day that incident occurred Cleveland was beaten in the State of New York by figures anywhere from 5,000 to 10,000. The loss of New York would have been the loss of the country and the defeat of Cleveland. In other words, the blunder of Burchard turned the tide, and that certainly was a small chance.”

“I am loath to believe that the Burchard phrase elected Cleveland,” remarked Bissell.

“You may believe it,” said Apgar; “it is the exact truth.”

“You will not dispute,” I continued, “that the plurality of 1,100-odd in a vote of over a million was a small chance. Nor will you, I think, dispute, in view of the small plurality, the fact that the timely warning of a telegrapher, unknown to any of us, that an attempt was to be made by the Republicans to reverse the figures was a small chance. It induced Lamont to make an organization on that election night which prevented any monkeying with the figures.”

“There is one more small chance of which you

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

have not spoken," said Lamont. "There were five doubtful states and it was necessary for the Democrats to carry each one if we were to elect Cleveland. These were New York, which has given about 1,100; Connecticut, which has given about 1,200; Indiana, which has given about 6,000; New Jersey, which has given about 4,000, and West Virginia, also about 4,000. That makes a total plurality for the five states of somewhere about 17,000. Now, the total vote of these five states must be a little over 2,000,000, and that makes the plurality of these five states about eight-tenths of one per cent. Small enough that; and, if any one of the five had faltered, Cleveland would have been defeated."

"Your demonstration is amazing," said Bissell. "It shows how much Cleveland owes to other people."

"The other people were in for the fight," said Lamont, "and were working out the responsibility they had assumed. The point is, that it was by small chances that Cleveland was nominated. It was by small chances that he was elected. It was by small chances that the vote he did receive was secured for him. It was by small chances from beginning to end that to-day we are enabled to address him as President-elect."

"The record reads like a romance," was Bissell's comment.

"The record of Cleveland is a romance, stern, practical and matter-of-fact man as he is," said Apgar.

Lamont broke up the gathering with this remark:

"Now I will tell you something no one will ever

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

believe. Cleveland did not want the nomination for President. He took no interest in the effort to put him on the track until he was told that certain elements had combined to prevent him from obtaining the delegation from New York. That roused his fighting blood."

CLEVELAND'S RESENTMENT OF OBLIGATION



FTER the presidential question had been settled and all opposition to Cleveland had practically retired, those who were in close relation to the President-elect saw certain extraordinary changes in him. He went about his affairs with great gravity. From his manner had departed all that geniality that had marked his intercourse with his subordinates and his friends—even with that little band of companions which assembled at the Executive Mansion, of a night, in a purely social way. It was not what is commonly called a case of "swelled head." Indeed, it was very far from that. There was no elation in his manner nor increase of dignity in his deportment.

The change was indefinable. He was serious and moody. The little touches of humor he gave to his conversation with intimates had departed from his speech. Those, in the speech of others, in which he had so delighted, were received with a grave face, perhaps a frown, as if they were unseemly at that time.

The general disposition of those in contact with Cleveland was to attribute his changed manner to his outlook on the next four years, the duties he must discharge and the responsibilities he must assume. They thought he was weighted down and oppressed by the prospect. Appreciation of the active conscience of the man and of his enormous sense of his

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

duty to the people as a trustee, naturally led to this conclusion. Of course, there were cynics, cavilers and "snarleyows," who said that the change was due to the fact that Cleveland had come to believe that all that had been said in praise and advocacy of him during the campaign was the truth and that he had just found out how great a man he was.

Among those in contact with Cleveland, there were, however, a few, who by reason of being admitted to a closer confidence, believed that the change that had taken place in him, and which was so noticeable, was due to the ordeal of the campaign through which he had passed. Made the victim of slander, the butt of scandal, his motives belied, his character assailed, his habits misrepresented, his life explored even into the corners, and accounts of it distorted, the iron had entered into his soul and rankled.

Years after, while recalling those days and discussing Cleveland, Colonel Lamont said to me:

"Cleveland was never the same man after that awful campaign of '84. I think he was bigger and broader. But—he was never the same man."

And about the same time Wilson Bissell said:

"Cleveland is entitled to all the distinction he has received. He paid a bitter, bitter price for it."

The curious thing was that such open resentment as he displayed was over the smaller, indeed, the least important affairs. During the campaign a Republican newspaper had said that Cleveland was an ill-bred, ill-mannered boor, so ignorant of refined life that he did not know how properly to use a knife at the table. It was a silly sneer that attracted no attention and carried its own refutation.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

But, as the sequel showed, it found lodgement in Cleveland's mind. At a private dinner given before he went to Washington and at which he was the chief guest, the editor of the paper making the sneer was present. He had no personal acquaintance with the President-elect and sought to be formally presented. Cleveland, declining the proffered hand, looked the editor straight in the eyes as he said:

"I should not suppose that you would want to know a man who, you have said, is so ignorant that he does not know how to eat properly."

I was certain that I discovered the correct explanation of this change. I had seen the same quality displayed in other men who had reached positions of great power. It was resentment of obligation. So soon as it was apparent that there was an obligation there was an effort to get from under it, a determination not to recognize it, with a resentment of the very fact of its existence.

There came out of this a very curious attempt at the elimination of Cleveland's personality. It was held by Cleveland that whatever had been done by any one in the campaign had been done for the Democratic party and that his personality was only an incident in the campaign, or it was insisted upon that he who supported Cleveland was in fact supporting the principles for which Cleveland stood and which fortune had named him to represent. In either event no obligation rested on Cleveland, personally. That was the stand taken. And in that stand will be found the basis for all the charges of ingratitude that were flung up against Cleveland.

A man of large consequence in the Democratic party of that day, who had been an efficient sup-

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

porter of the cause and a liberal contributor, told the writer that he had asked Cleveland for the appointment to a foreign consulate of a man in whom he was greatly interested. He presented the man as one who was eminently qualified for the place. Everything went well until he reached the point where he could show that the applicant had given most efficient service in an extremely delicate matter which was, in fact, a personal service to Cleveland. Then Cleveland froze up! Indeed, he intimated that it was doubtful if he could even consider the matter. The advocate realized at once that he had committed a blunder, though hardly knowing how. To retrieve it he sought a distinguished man whom he knew Cleveland greatly admired and on whose advice the President placed great reliance. The advocate told the story of the mishap. At this point the adviser broke in with the remark that Cleveland was entirely right.

"He cannot recognize obligation," said the adviser. "All service must be charged up against the party."

"But," persisted the advocate, "if the President represents the party, even impersonally, but distributes its patronage, how is service to the party to be recognized if he does not recognize obligation?"

"The worker," said the adviser, "must be satisfied with the triumph of the party and the principles it represents. Even if you admit the personal quality as being involved, you must see that he needs this patronage to placate his opponents and turn them into friends."

The advocate, being a godless man of practical

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

notions, with few ideals, turned away with the remark that it seemed to him to be an excellent policy for turning friends into enemies. The applicant was not appointed.

It is a fact that Cleveland during all the campaign refused to make pledges of any kind. He made it clear to the manager that he desired none made for him and that if any were made he should feel at liberty to ignore them. Thus it was that I was sent by Senator Gorman up into the Adirondacks, where Cleveland was spending his vacation, to lay a case before the candidate. The case was this: In a certain doubtful state an element of the Democratic party had been holding aloof, but had finally intimated that if pledges were made as to the control by it of certain offices in that state, it would take active part in the campaign for Cleveland. Such activity would, in the opinion of Senator Gorman, insure the state to the Democracy.

Cleveland, sitting on a log on the edge of a lake, with his fishing rod across his knees and a disreputable soft felt hat drawn down over his sunburnt face, listened with darkening brows to the unfolding of the case. At the conclusion of it he sat up erect, saying sternly:

“I will make no pledges. I will consent to none made for me. If I cannot go into the White House unpledged, I will not go at all.”

Not long after the Presidential question was settled a state official, who was a Republican, holding his position under appointment from Cleveland as Governor, by a law providing for the naming of one of that party, gave a dinner to Cleveland. An attempt was made to take from it all political signifi-

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

cance by inviting as the diners Republicans and Democrats in equal numbers. During the course of the dinner the host said that he had been told that one of the fine things of the Democratic campaign was that no pledges of any kind had been made and that Cleveland would assume the office without any to hamper him.

"That is so," said Cleveland, emphatically, "and the best of it is that there are no great money obligations. I mean by that there has been no contribution on the part of a single person to exceed \$5,000."

I was astonished at this remark. The next day in the Executive Chamber, very tactlessly, I fear, I said to Cleveland:

"Surely you had forgotten that there were much larger contributions. There is Edward Cooper who, first and last, for himself and Abram S. Hewitt, gave \$70,000."

Cleveland, frowning heavily, swung his chair from me, struck the desk with a powerful blow, and said fiercely:

"It isn't so!"

I retired from the controversy. And I have since believed that I served Edward Cooper very badly at that time. That person was brought forward as a candidate for Ambassador to England. Mr. Hewitt had discovered that Mr. Cooper had a desire in that direction, but was too modest to prefer his claims. So Hewitt took the matter to Manning and Hubert O. Thompson. Those two entered earnestly into the movement. At first it was feared that an opposition would be raised up against Mr. Cooper by Tammany Hall. But John Kelly declared that Mr. Cooper's appointment would be a

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

singularly good one, and said, not only would there be no opposition from his organization, but, if his name would be of any aid, it could be used in advocacy, for he thought Mr. Cooper deserved the honor. In fact, all of Democratic New York was behind Mr. Cooper. He was a man of very large wealth and could handsomely support the position; he was a man of fine cultivation, of learning, of high character, and of personal dignity.

Why Mr. Cleveland refused to appoint him was never made known to any one. On the contrary, he appointed Edward J. Phelps, who was known to fame as a lecturer on law at Yale and, as the one who, when told that Grover Cleveland had been nominated at Chicago, in 1884, asked with a sneer:

“And who is Grover Cleveland?”

But, while there was this attempt at elimination of personality, there was a development in which the personality of Cleveland was brought to the front in an aggressive way. He demanded submission to his will and personal service where he wanted it.

For instance, Lamont did not want to go to Washington as his private secretary. It is not always given to us to have a clear look into the future. In view of the success that followed Lamont and the distinction of his career, consequent upon his service as secretary to the President, it may seem strange that he was reluctant to go to Washington. He did not see at that time the opportunity, which he subsequently so skillfully seized, of elevating the office to that of Assistant President. He thought his career lay in New York. In his home state he saw his future fairly well laid out.

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

But Cleveland was insistent. He demanded that Lamont should go with him as a duty Lamont owed him. While the matter was in abeyance, in the presence of Cleveland, I said to Lamont that I had heard that he was going to Washington.

"I don't know about that," replied Lamont. "My interests lie here in New York."

Cleveland swung around in his chair with a quick, energetic motion and said sharply:

"You're going to Washington with me. If you don't go, I won't go. That's flat."

Lamont smiled a hopeless sort of smile, but did not reply.

A similar demand was made on Manning. He did not wish to be Secretary of the Treasury. His ambition was satisfied. He had attained his desires. He had become a Warwick. He had made a President. He was, by reason of his success, in absolute political control of New York State. He was the most distinguished political leader in the country, probably the most powerful. In arriving at that stage he had reached the summit of his ambition, and he wished to be left in peace to enjoy it. But again was Cleveland insistent. Manning must go with him to Washington. He needed him. It leaked out that Manning had consented through the fact that he was preparing to lay aside his duties as president of the bank of which he was the head.

During a call I made on him in the bank parlor in February, I mentioned the fact of his removal.

"What could I do?" he said. "I did not want to go. Suppose you had brought a man into town, was responsible for his being here, and that man

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

was called to the top of the hill and said that he could not get up there without your help, that the giving aid was not only a duty which you owed him, but was a consequence of having brought him into town. You'd yield, wouldn't you? That's what I've done. I'm satisfied as I am."

His tone was that of a man who in yielding had shown a degree of weakness. A similar insistence, on personal grounds, took Whitney to Washington to be Secretary of the Navy.

GUARDING A PRESIDENT-ELECT



T the close of the year 1884 Cleveland resigned the office of Governor, giving way to the Lieutenant Governor, David B. Hill, who, under the Constitution succeeded to the office for a year, the unexpired term of Cleveland.

On vacating the Executive Mansion Cleveland rented a furnished house in Willett street, overlooking the city park, until the first of the following March. In this house the President-elect addressed himself to the work of the preparation of his inaugural speech and of making his Cabinet. To this house came in never-ending procession leading Democrats from all parts of the country, many of them inspired by mere curiosity or a desire to make the personal acquaintance of the first Democratic President in a quarter of a century. But the greater part of them came for the purpose of presenting the claims of their states or sections to a representation in the Cabinet or to urge prominent Democrats for appointment to the more conspicuous offices outside of the Cabinet. The Willett street house may be said to have been for the first two months of the year 1885 the Mecca of the Democrats.

On a night in the latter part of February, possibly ten days before the departure of Cleveland for Washington, I had spent the evening with a friend in the southern part of the city and had stayed to a late hour. The way home lay through Willett street and as I approached the house occu-

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

pied by the President-elect I saw some one emerge from the door and pause for a moment on the top step.

In the bulky figure in the half shadow I recognized the form of the most conspicuous man of the time. Quickening my pace, I reached the foot of the steps as Mr. Cleveland gained the sidewalk. After greeting him, I asked if it were not a late hour for him to be out.

"Yes," he replied, "it is late. It's after midnight. I want some fresh air. I don't get a chance to get out in the daytime. From the moment I get out of bed in the morning until it is time to go to bed again, I am detained in the house by one thing or another. So when everybody has gone and Dan goes home I slip out and trot around the park for half an hour or an hour."

Here was a man who had but recently passed through the bitterest campaign known to the history of American politics, in the course of which the vilest passions had been aroused; who had been a conspicuous mark for slander and scandal, and who, in his very strength, had incurred enmities that were deep-seated and outspoken. He had but just emerged from a post-campaign for the securing of the count in which animosities had been sent up to the rioting point. He was the instrument of a political revolution in which a party that had been so long in possession that its members believed that it owned the country, had a prescriptive right to patronage, was cast from power. With his inauguration 125,000 employes of the Federal Government faced the possible loss of their places, many of whom had served so long that they had

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

come to believe that they had inherent rights—life rights—in the offices they held. All over the country were newspapers of the opposition bemoaning the people's choice, refusing to acquiesce in the result, predicting disaster and ruin as a consequence of the administration of government by the Democracy and thus tending to blow the glowing embers of hate into a flame.

During the campaign threats of violence had reached Cleveland, which he had treated as the vaporings of temporarily overheated tempers. Those who were conspicuous in the conduct of the campaign had become accustomed to threats of assassination if they did not cease their efforts to defeat Blaine. Such threats had become numerous after the publication of the Mulligan letters. And I had had my own experiences, for after I had attained a disagreeable notoriety in the discharge of a certain duty which had been thrust upon me, I had come to a bitter realization of the meanness of human nature; the sanctity of my home had been invaded, my family distressed by bushels of letters and documents denouncing me, charging me with all sorts of crime and containing threats to my wife that if she did not recall me from that duty she would be made a widow. On the streets and in the hotels of Albany were strangers who seemed to have no other business than to obtain a glimpse of Cleveland, and in such numbers as to attract attention. The memory of Guiteau's bullet that had taken Garfield from life was yet fresh—only three years old.

And the central figure of all was nightly wan-

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

dering through a poorly lighted park in the small hours of the morning, alone!

All these things crowded into my mind, and it is not to be wondered at that, in horror, I cried out:

“You go into that park alone?”

“Yes,” answered Cleveland. “Alone. Why not?”

“Well,” said I, stirred into dogged bluntness. “Here’s one night when you’re not going alone. I’m going with you.”

With an indulgent smile Cleveland said:

“I’ll be glad to have you walk with me, but understand, there is no compulsion about it. It is not necessary, but if you are coming, come along.”

He led the way across the street and we entered the park, where we walked for an hour.

The next morning I got to Lamont so soon as I could and told him of this nightly habit of Cleveland. He was genuinely alarmed.

“I knew nothing of this. He never has said anything to me nor has any one else. I don’t dare to speak about it to him now. He’s so infernally stubborn about such things. But he won’t be alone in that park again, though he won’t know it.”

Thereafter, though Cleveland did not know it, there was a guardian behind pretty nearly every bush; the park was cleared at 10 every night and after that hour, until daylight, no one was allowed to enter without being satisfactorily accounted for. No publicity was given to the precautions.

Cleveland was a man of many peculiarities, and one of them was the habit of thinking aloud when he was in the company of a person he thought he

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

could trust. He once said it helped him in his reasoning to think aloud, or, to put it the other way, to give verbal expression to his thoughts. It was when a matter weighed heavily on him that he resorted to this. The matter of his Cabinet weighed heavily on his mind that night when I became the volunteer companion of his walk in the park, as described.

We had not been walking long when he began to talk of the difficulty of Cabinet making, and of the complications arising from conflicting claims. He weighed in his mind many of these claims, showing that his disposition was to set aside all claims of sections and to dismiss as of no consequence those of factions. He made it clear, as he talked, that he thought the first consideration was to secure for each department of government a person especially qualified for the duties to be discharged. In the matter of sections, however, he made an exception as to the South, not because it was a section demanding a right to recognition, but because he thought that the time had arrived when the proscription of Southern men should end; that the taking of a representative man of the South into the Cabinet would be the taking of the Southern citizen into full citizenship and that would tend to the harmonization of the sections and assist in assuaging the animosities and in tempering the prejudices that were the inheritances of the Civil War and the reconstruction era. And he was quite certain that the President had the right to choose his own advisers uninfluenced by any other consideration than their agreeability to him.

In no way did he indicate or intend to indicate

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

what his appointments would be, but when he came to discuss men, especially those who had been suggested or talked of for Cabinet positions, the idea crept into my head that I could tell from the trend of his conversation who would figure on the final list. Of course, this was based not alone on his expressions of the night, but on what I thought, at least, was my estimate of the man who talked and his characteristics.

That night when I got home, before I went to bed, I wrote down the names that I thought would figure in the list of appointments. The next day I said to Lamont that I thought I could name the next Cabinet.

"That is more than Cleveland could do, were you to ask him," said Lamont. "He thinks he has not made up his mind."

"Dan," I said, "you won't tell me that you have not an idea as to what the Cabinet will be."

"No, I won't," he replied. "I have a very distinct idea, but I won't tell. It is different from yours and I'll make you a small bet that I am right and that you are wrong."

"Good," I said, "and I think I know where you are going to pieces. It will be where Cleveland jumps the track."

"I don't know what you mean by that," he returned, "but I propose this: You write your list and seal it up in an envelope and give it to me. I'll write my list and seal it up and give it to you, both pledging ourselves not to open the envelopes until the announcement is officially made, and also not to speak of the matter to any one."

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

This was done. When the announcement was made we found the lists to be exactly alike and identical with the announcement. Cleveland had made an innovation. For the first time two members were taken from the same state—Manning for the Treasury and Whitney for the Navy, both from New York. Each of us had thought that he alone had penetrated the purpose of Cleveland to do this and that the other would fall down on that point.

Lamont's acknowledgment of his defeat was by a telegram from Washington, couched in these words:

“The big one cannot keep a secret.”

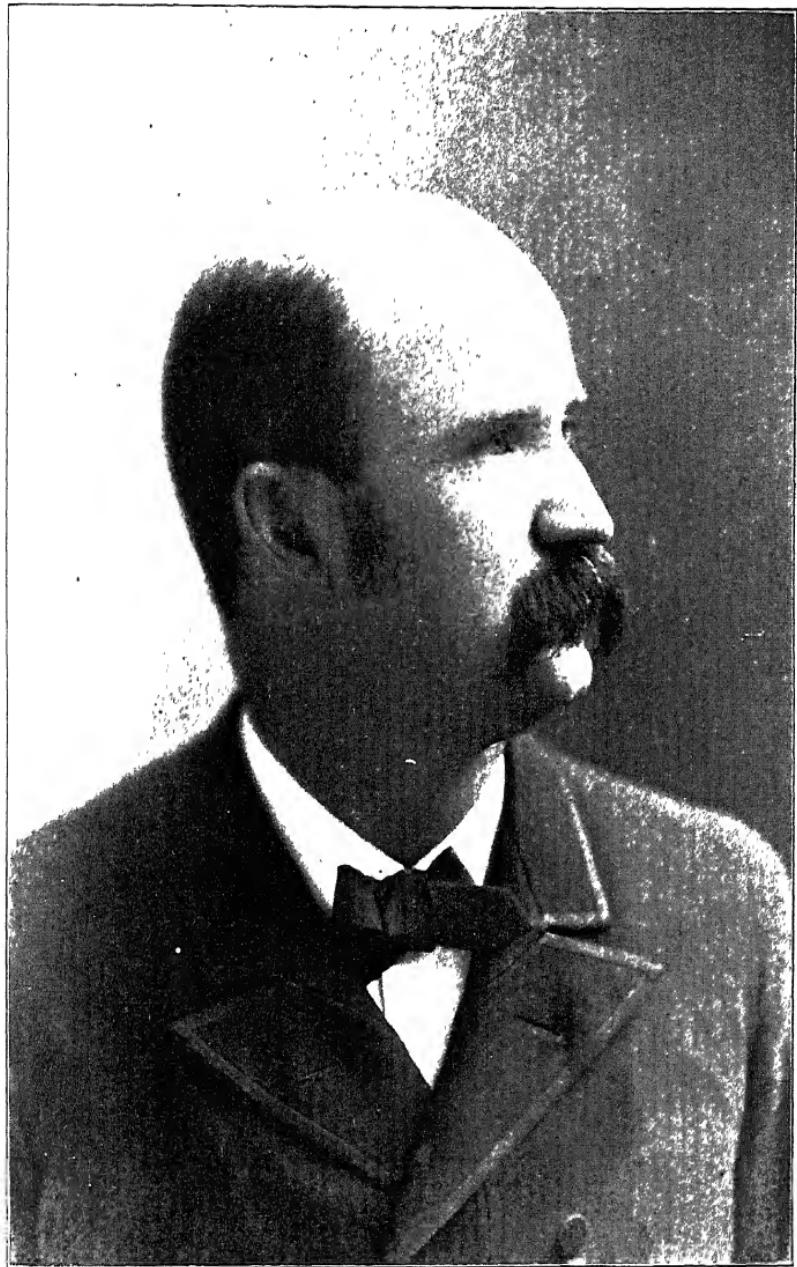
THE RISE OF DAVID B. HILL



THE change in the control of the Federal Government in 1885 was followed by changes in the control of the dominant political party in the State of New York, which were unexpected by those who thought themselves entrenched in power. These changes were largely due to the attitude of the new President, to his distribution of the Federal patronage and to the rise of a man in state politics whose real personal strength had not been suspected.

By the time the new administration was comfortably, or uncomfortably, seated in Washington, an unusual situation was developed in New York. For many years it had been the custom of certain county leaders—those who attached their political fortunes to the Democratic machine—to visit Albany in the very late spring, or the very early summer, to be informed as to the party programme, getting “the steer,” they called it. Especially was this so as to the leaders of agricultural counties, where the farmer vote was of consequence. Obtaining the information, they returned to their counties to lay their plans and drive in their stakes before the farmers became so engrossed in the harvest that they had no time for politics. The annual visitation to Albany, therefore, was one of real concern to the party, especially to the machine.

When the county leaders went to Albany they saw Mr. Manning, or Lamont, his lieutenant. This



DAVID B. HILL

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

was true, even in the days of Tilden's active control, when Manning was Tilden's lieutenant, as well as in later days when Manning was not only the titular but the actual leader. In 1885, at the usual time, the visitations were made, but only to find perplexity and embarrassment. Manning and Lamont were in Washington. They had left no one behind to represent them. It was true that E. K. Apgar assumed to do so, but he was not accepted by the visitors, and his assumptions were rendered nugatory by the attitude of his official superior, the state treasurer, Robert A. Maxwell, himself a county leader. Mr. Manning was yet the chairman of the state committee and had not appointed a vice chairman.

Up on the hill, in the Executive Chamber, sat David B. Hill, as Governor, serving out the unexpired term of Cleveland. He was easily the most conspicuous Democrat, in active political life, in the state. It was soon developed that a call on him, even one "of paying respects" was attended with embarrassment. The visitor, if he were a man of any political influence, soon learned that Hill was a candidate for the gubernatorial nomination. And a declaration of intention as to the visitor's attitude was demanded. As a rule, those who visited the Executive Chamber came away pledged to support Hill. This becoming known, there was hesitancy in visiting the Governor. This was not due so much to antagonism to Hill as it was, in view of the fact the Democracy had a national administration for the first time in twenty-five years, to a disposition to support that administration strongly and do what it wanted. And these visitors did not

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

know whether Hill was favored by Washington or not.

A number of these county leaders, all of them friends of mine—political allies, if I may say so—came together in Albany at the same time. In the hotel quarters of one of them they discussed the embarrassing situation. Finally they sent for me and, setting forth my duty to them through friendship and alliance, insisted that I should go to Washington and learn the preferences of the Federal administration in regard to state politics.

Arriving in Washington, the first call I made was on Manning, at the Treasury. While his reception of me was cordial, on the subject of my visit he was at first reticent, and when he did finally become communicative he was confidential. He did not intend to lay down his chairmanship of the committee until the state convention met, when his successor would be appointed, and he did not intend to name a representative who could act with authority. And then, quite cautiously, he let it be known that, in his opinion, the thing for the Democracy of New York to do was to nominate for Governor Edward Cooper of New York City. He ended by advising a visit to Whitney at the Navy Department.

On reaching Secretary Whitney I found that person freer of speech and much more positive. In his judgment the only thing to be done was to nominate Cooper. This would strengthen the county Democracy in New York City in its contest with Tammany Hall, which organization was the enemy of the administration. The next visit was at the White House. At the moment of my arrival there

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

Lamont, who, naturally, I should have seen first, was engaged, and, on request, I was shown in to the President. His reception was also cordial, but when I made my statement of the object of my visit to Washington he said quite bluntly that he did not think I could get any programme there.

Then he went on to say that he was opposed to any interference on the part of the administration in the affairs of the Democracy of New York when a choice of a Governor was being made. Evidently he was greatly influenced by the memory of the interference of President Arthur in the Saratoga convention of 1882, when the nomination of Folger was dictated and by reason of which Cleveland was carried into office by the enormous plurality of 193,000. He, the President, was certain there would be no interference, and he intended there should be no dictation. Then, having made clear what the attitude of the administration was, he said that he had no objection to saying to his friends who would respect his confidences that in his judgment the man to nominate was William R. Grace.

Obviously there was no union of sentiment among those who represented New York in the administration. It did not appear that Hill had any friends in Washington. Indeed, opposition to him was apparent. The President was critical of his course in administering the office of Governor. He condemned his act in calling the Legislature in extra session to deal with the apportionment as an act of folly. In fact, animosity toward Hill was displayed by the President.

During the time that Cleveland was Governor there had been no division between himself and Hill.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

Their relations had been friendly, if not agreeable. Hill submitted deferentially to Cleveland as the head of his party, interfered in no way with his administration and loyally supported him in his pretensions for the Presidency. But at no time had they got together. They were not congenial in any way. They looked out on the world, and especially the world of politics, from diametrically opposite angles. Disciplined in a hard school of politics, Hill was a man without illusions. An amateur in politics, Cleveland was a man of ideals. An abler man, of keener intellect, with less ethical purpose, regarding human nature wholly as he saw it and not as it might be uplifted, Hill looked with contempt on the methods employed by Cleveland, who, on his side, ponderous, slow in his mental processes, reaching conclusions only after laborious effort, ever holding before him duty and the advancement of moral standards, doubted and distrusted his more nimble-witted associate, whose life was so clean, who had no dissipations, not even those minor vices which, some cynic has said, redeem human nature. They could not comprehend each other.

When Hill assumed the office of Governor, by some process of reasoning not quite clear, Cleveland thought that Hill should follow his (Cleveland's) plans as Governor and pursue his policies. Hill held that he had been elected by the people with a view to his elevation to the higher place in the case of a vacancy occurring, as it had, and that his obligation was not to Cleveland, but to the people, and that he would not be excused under censure by the statement that he had been trying to

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

follow Cleveland. Out of this difference of opinion came the first friction between the two.

When Cleveland became Governor he found to his hand the duty of appointing the members of the new Railroad Commission. William Purcell, who was the editor of the Rochester Union and Advertiser, and who had called Cleveland in his paper "a social leper," wished to be appointed. Cleveland ignored his application. Purcell was made all the more bitter and became a permanent enemy of Cleveland. When Hill assumed office he found to his hand the appointment of the members of the Board of Arbitration. He appointed Purcell, who was a personal friend. Cleveland was bitterly angry. In this incident, it may be remarked in passing, were the seeds sown for that division between Cleveland and Hill which later vexed the party.

Of all this I had knowledge, and thought that in it was to be found the reason why Hill had no friends in Washington. But imagine my surprise on reaching Lamont to hear that person say promptly:

"Hill is the logical candidate and ought to have the nomination."

Perplexity was deepened and complexity made its appearance. Notwithstanding the President's remark that I could not get a programme, I did get one which was somewhat sensational. There had been a good deal of trouble over the Customs House in New York, knowledge of which had been confined to a very few. Hubert O. Thompson desired to be appointed collector of customs. Mr. Manning, in whose department the appointment fell, earnestly supported Thompson. The President disliked

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

Thompson, did not trust him, and refused to appoint him. A serious difference arose between Manning and Cleveland that nearly reached the breaking point. The situation was saved only by the yielding of Manning.

But Manning made a programme. Thompson was to be elected chairman of the State Committee when Manning retired. Edward Cooper, Thompson's friend and patron, was to be nominated for Governor. A collector was to be appointed who was friendly to Thompson, and in Whitney, who controlled the navy yard in Brooklyn, Thompson was to find another friend. With all the patronage he could command, Thompson would be not only a city boss, but a great state boss. And this would compensate for the loss of the collectorship.

Apgar was commissioned to enter the interior of the state and find delegates for Cooper. But the ship of this programme went on the rocks. Apgar died in the middle of his work. Cleveland, unconsciously and unwittingly, raised up obstacles by his appointments in the interior of the state and by recognition of Tammany in the distribution of the patronage. But the great snag that was run up against was Hugh McLaughlin. His support was absolutely necessary to the success of the scheme, and because it was known that at that time he had no love for Hill, it was supposed that it was assured. It became known in Washington that McLaughlin would not support Cooper. And he would not tell why. Whitney came over to see him and found him obdurate. Abram S. Hewitt was proposed as a substitute for Cooper. Neither would McLaughlin have him. Finally it was learned that

AN OLD POLITICOAL REPORTER

McLaughlin would not accept Thompson as the great boss. He would not "crook the pregnant hinges of the knee" to Thompson "that thrift might follow fawning." He would not consent to ask favors for his organization through Thompson—favors which it was his belief he was entitled to receive directly from the power dispensing them. And the President delivered the last blow by appointing as collector Hedden, who could not be used by Thompson.

With these mishaps the scheme went to pieces. At the convention Hill, who had known of the plan and who had played a lone hand, was nominated, and the County Democracy received a blow from which it never recovered. The while Washington, with the possible exception of Lamont, was disgusted at the outcome.

HOW HILL WON McLAUGHLIN



T the state convention of 1885, Roswell P. Flower was nominated for Lieutenant Governor on the same ticket with Hill for Governor. On the Saturday of that week it was known that Flower had positively refused, and in terms of asperity, to accept the nomination. The declination, considering the temper in which it was made, was taken to be a severe blow to Hill's candidacy.

The administration at Washington was as silent as the grave, but the idea had crept over the state that the action of the convention was a disappointment. The sullen attitude of the County Democracy of New York City displayed at the convention was maintained. The action of Flower seemed to alienate another element of the Democracy which had not been called a Cleveland element and certainly had not been in friendly alliance with Manning when he was directing matters. There was no little grumbling under breath at Cleveland, who, it was said, had made possible by his attitude the nomination of the man he did not want.

By Saturday night not even the most enthusiastic friend of Hill could see a way to success. On the following day, Sunday, quite early in the morning, I was called by telephone to the Executive Mansion in Albany. On arriving there I found the drawing room filled by persons who had been summoned as I had been. They were friends of Hill. And they were gloomy and depressed, looking

AN OLD POLITICOAL REPORTER

darkly on the prospect. They had been received by Muller, Hill's law partner, who talked in whispers as people do at funerals. All of the talk was speculation as to the one who could be induced to take the vacant place on the ticket.

The nominee for Governor was not in the room, but presently he entered through a rear door, with his head up and his shoulders thrown back, his face having that whiteness which later, when he was in the United States Senate, Tillman of South Carolina said always showed that Hill was in for a fight. Immediately he began a series of talks with individuals present. Evidently they were not conferences; they were instructions. Hill did all the talking, and at the end the individual left the room as one bent on a mission. When nearly all had been sent away, Hill came to where I was sitting, taking a chair beside me.

"Can you go to Brooklyn for me to-day?"

After learning that I could and would by the next train, if it would serve him, he continued:

"I have a mission for you and it is not an easy one. McLaughlin, the Brooklyn leader, does not like me. He has never forgiven me for a blunder I made while presiding over the Democratic State Convention in 1881, which put his delegation out of the convention for the temporary organization. I am told he is very bitter toward me. However, I want him to consent to General Slocum's nomination for Lieutenant Governor by the State Committee. I know that he is not friendly to Slocum. But it seems that it is necessary to have a soldier on the ticket to offset General Carr on the Republican ticket. Then I want you to see General Slocum and

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

ask him as a personal favor to me, in my distress, to take the nomination. This done, I want you to ask Mr. McLaughlin if he will not meet me at the Hoffman House in New York to-morrow. You see that it is a large contract I ask you to take."

I, too, hurried away on a mission, thinking how bravely and how masterfully Hill was taking hold of a bad situation and that if his friends had lost courage he had not.

It was not difficult to persuade Mr. McLaughlin to consent to Slocum's nomination. If Hill wanted him he was quite willing that Hill should have him. He was satisfied that Hill would not get much and would be very sick of him before long. But Slocum would not consent. Indeed, he seemed to be quite angry over the suggestion. He did not hesitate to say that it was an insult.

"When I was in command of a very large and very great army," he said, "Hill was sweeping out a law office in Elmira—an office boy. I shall not play second fiddle to him twenty years after the war has closed."

I was successful with the remaining point of my mission. In the beginning, however, Mr. McLaughlin did not look with favor on the idea of visiting Hill. The Democratic organization of Kings would loyally support Hill because he was the regularly nominated candidate of the party. Hardly more could be asked of him.

I told him that the act which had given him such offense was purely a blunder on the part of Hill, which he freely acknowledged, and back of which had been no intention of injury. I told him of the scene in the Executive Mansion that morning, when

AN OLD POLITIQAL REPORTER

I had been impressed with the fighting qualities of Hill, and finding I had enlisted his interest was emboldened to venture on the prediction that Hill would be found to be a coming man, who was destined to distinction, and insinuated that it was a time when by going to the aid of one in distress he could win the gratitude and friendship of the man whose reputation at home was that he had never been known to forfeit a friendship or to be neglectful of an obligation.

In the end I was enabled to telegraph the Governor that Mr. McLaughlin would meet him the next day. When Mr. McLaughlin left the Governor after his visit the basis of a friendship between the two was laid that never faltered up to the time of the death of the Brooklyn leader.

The person who filled the vacancy on the ticket was Edward F. Jones of Binghamton—"He-Pays-the-Freight" Jones—who had the military title of general.

Governor Hill's troubles were not over, however, with this filling of the vacancy. He found great difficulty in organizing his campaign. He could find no one who was willing to take the position of chairman of the executive committee, which, in fact, was that of campaign manager. While the national administration had ostentatiously refrained from participation in the state nominating convention, it was known to be bitterly disappointed over the nomination of Hill. County leaders who had supported Hill in the convention, on visiting Washington, were met with sneers and other manifestations of displeasure and with no words of approval. The County Democracy of New York City, an or-

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

ganization in close alliance with the political powers of the administration, having a representative in the Cabinet, in the person of Whitney, stood aloof from the campaign, sullen and disgruntled. The element of the party represented by Flower hesitated as to its course. The triumph of Cleveland over Flower in 1884 was still rankling. The Flower element was not in alliance with the Cleveland wing, but, on the other side, the temper Flower had displayed in refusing the nomination for the second place on the ticket made it hesitate in giving support to Hill.

The attitude of the County Democracy was of concern in consideration of the matter of the sinews of war. It had been the money raising quantity. The largest contributors to the funds of the party were in its ranks. It took money, and large sums, to organize a campaign in those times as in these. There was none in sight for the Hill campaign. Poverty stricken, with large elements of the party indifferent and with the displeasure of the national administration plainly apparent, the clouds lowered darkly over the Hill campaign in the very beginning. The defeat of the ticket was freely predicted by Democrats themselves, and the Republicans, jubilant, were openly declaring that their candidate, Davenport, was elected before the campaign was fairly begun.

Thus it was that no man of prominence or of latent political aspirations was willing to take charge of a losing campaign. And Hill grew bitter and more bitter as the days passed. One day, in the Executive Chamber, he discussed the situation with me. In the course of the conversation he said:

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

"No man of prominence qualified for the work will take the place. Democrats of prominence avoid me as if there was contagion on my garments."

At the moment, Robert A. Maxwell, the State Treasurer, a Cleveland man, who was loyally supporting Hill, entered the chamber. Hill greeted him with this remark:

"Bob, you will have to take the position of Executive Committee Chairman. No one else will."

Maxwell hesitated a moment before he replied:

"If that be your judgment, I will. I am Treasurer of the State. To act as chairman while I am Treasurer would be to bring me, you and the campaign under public censure. Nevertheless, if you think I should be the chairman, I will resign my office."

"I do not want you to make such a sacrifice," quickly replied Hill.

"One moment," continued Maxwell. "I came over here to suggest the name of a man who I think would be a good man for the place."

"Will he take it?" asked Hill.

"That I don't know," said Maxwell, "for I've had no talk with him. His name is Alton B. Parker —from Ulster County."

Governor Hill looked up at Maxwell inquiringly, with a puzzled air, as if the name was not unknown to him, though mention of it carried little intelligence.

"He is at present Surrogate of Ulster," Maxwell went on, "and he has done great work in organizing the county."

Hill turned to me and asked if I knew him.

"Yes," I replied; "he is in a way a protege of

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

Augustus Schoonmaker, who has the highest opinion of his abilities and character."

"He could not have a better indorsement," said Hill, turning to Maxwell. "Bob, will you go to Kingston and see Mr. Parker and ask him if he will take the place. Whether he consents or not, ask him to cross the river and meet me on the train from Albany this afternoon."

Maxwell hurried away on his mission. Parker refused to take the place, but consented to meet Hill on the train. When the two reached New York, Parker had been won by Hill and had consented to take the campaign management. And there was begun that friendship which is historical in the politics of the State of New York.

The brilliancy of Parker's conduct of that 1885 campaign and the forcefulness of the one waged by Hill on the platforms of the state, in which he discovered his qualities as an issue maker, are now matters of history. The campaign which was begun in gloom and universal predictions of defeat ended in a triumph for Hill with a plurality of 11,136. Out of the gloom and the darkness two men had emerged into the bright sunlight of public favor, one going to great power and the other with his feet on the road which led to the Presidential nomination of his party. And the latter had won the grateful friendship of the strong man to whose aid he had come at a time of great need. That friendship never weakened, and was marked, more than once, by personal sacrifice on the part of Hill.

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

HILL'S USE OF POLITICAL POWER



NOTHING succeeds like success." The first day of 1886 found David B. Hill in the office of Governor with a direct commission from the people. Already he was hailed as a strong man. His successful campaign of the previous year, waged so gallantly against such great odds, was bearing fruit in the submission of many who had been lukewarm in their support of him. To close observers it was apparent that the political machine he had builded for the campaign was to be continued and strengthened, and that he meant to keep the lever in his own hands. The masterfulness of the man was soon apparent.

The same vigor that had characterized his administration of his office was found in his handling of the reins of political power which he had seized with firm grasp. Among the leaders of the counties there was much dissatisfaction with Cleveland's methods in the distribution of the Federal patronage. Apparently he ignored the recommendations of local political organizations. It came to be said that it was sufficient for Cleveland to appoint another man when one was urged for a postmastership or other office by a politician or one active in the leadership of an organization.

Hill was too sagacious not to take advantage of such a situation, and so it came about that the complaining leader would find a sympathetic ear in which to pour his grievances when he visited the

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

Governor. And the observing saw that if the Governor was maintaining a firm hand on the machine, and was somewhat imperious in his methods, he was also self-reliant, little given to consultation. The absence of men who, in the past, had been in frequent consultation on the affairs of the party, was noted. In their places another set of men appeared. The older ones had been elbowed to the rear.

Perhaps under all the circumstances it was not to be wondered at. Most of these old advisers had been those who had looked askance on Hill's nomination and had been indifferent as to the election under the belief that defeat was coming. Hill rarely talked about the campaign of 1885, and when he did, only to his intimates. To them it was known that the events of that time had made a deep impression on him, and that he profoundly resented the way in which he had been abandoned by so many of the old leaders and left to make his battle alone. On the contrary, those who had stood behind him and fought the battle with him he grappled unto himself "with hooks of steel." At all events, there were new faces and new men at the fore, and close observers began to see signs of a revolution in the political control of New York State.

Affairs conspired to aid Hill. There was trouble over the collectorship of the port of New York, and the ranks of the forces within the party opposed to Hill were thereby divided. There were differences, and, rumor said, serious differences between Secretary Manning and President Cleveland. In the midst of it Manning fell ill, stricken with paralysis. It was the 23d of March, 1886. Man-

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

ning was the one man, perhaps, who could have contested the control of the state and taken it. His incapacitation aided the revolution.

Some time after the events which had so weakened what subsequently came to be known as the Cleveland wing in New York, Daniel Manning, at the old Long Beach Hotel, whither he had gone in an effort to regain strength, told me the story of those events.

Seated on the veranda of the hotel, looking out on the shimmering seas, in the knowledge of a race run, a career ended, the Secretary, for he was yet Secretary, talked in even tones and in no heat.

He said that the Custom House in New York had been a source of trouble from the beginning. Even before Cleveland had taken his seat as President, Hubert O. Thompson had made known to Mr. Manning his desire to be collector of the port. He, Manning, wished him to have it, and so did nearly all of the leading Democrats who had been active in the work of the campaign of 1884. In fact, he, Manning, had not supposed that there would be any difficulty in arranging the matter. But when the appointment was broached to the President, Cleveland had manifested an unreasonable opposition to Thompson. He seemed to be filled with a personal dislike of that individual. In his urgency for the appointment of the County Democracy leader Mr. Manning had gone as far as he could—had gone perilously near to the breaking point, for not only was Cleveland determined not to appoint Thompson, but he was determined to appoint one who, if he was not an enemy of the County Democracy, was at least without identification with politics.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF

Manning had yielded when he found that a rupture could be avoided only by his submission. The result was that a man named Hedden was appointed. He was taken from mercantile life, having had no training in public station. His course in office was one of entire independence of politics and politicians. And there was trouble from the beginning. Mr. Hedden was an upright, honorable man, who, however, did not appreciate that there was a wide difference between the administration of a public office, with all sorts of restrictions of law thrown about it, and the administration of a private business, where he was substantially a law unto himself. He had been betrayed into some indiscretions which had finally ended in a demand for his removal. By the middle of March, 1886, it was determined that his resignation must be asked. At once the question of his successor arose. Again Thompson was a candidate. Again he was urged by Manning. But the President was opposed and made a remark as to Thompson that Mr. Manning, on behalf of his friend, resented. But not only was the President determined that he would not appoint Thompson, but declared his intention to name a man who was the personal enemy of Thompson and who would, in Mr. Manning's belief, use the office against Thompson. Against this Manning had rebelled and a heated scene followed, in which strong words were used.

"I told the President," said Mr. Manning, "that I had yielded to the humiliation of Thompson the year previous to prevent a rupture, but I would not consent this year to his punishment when his chief fault seemed to be that he had been able and effi-

AN OLD POLITICAL REPORTER

cient in the work of returning the Democratic party to power. Consequently, if the President was determined to make that appointment, I should resign from the Cabinet and make a public statement of my reasons for doing so. This threat did not make matters better. Mr. Cleveland would not retire from his position an inch. I left the White House in, I fear, a great rage, satisfied that I must resign. I went over to the Treasury Department and on reaching the top step of the stairs leading to my office was struck down with this trouble that I am now suffering from."

The illness of Mr. Manning put the matter of the change in Customs House in suspense. But the demand for Hedden's removal became so insistent that in August the matter was taken up again. The President caused Mr. Manning to be communicated with and asked if Daniel Magone of St. Lawrence would be satisfactory. Mr. Magone was satisfactory to the Cleveland element in New York. So on August 10 of that year he was appointed.

Indirectly all of these events operated to strengthen the hands of Governor Hill in his enterprise of seizing the supreme control of the party in New York State. Practically opposition faded away from before him so that when the revolutionary year of 1886 had ended Hill was the master, and no one was strong enough to say him nay. The revolution was complete. The Old Guard was mustered out and new sentinels were at the posts.

FINIS

